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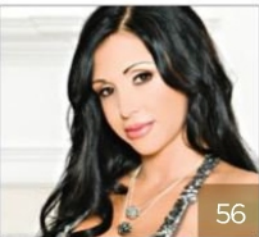
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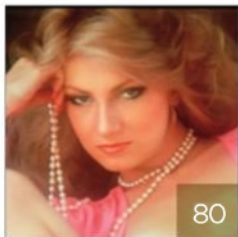
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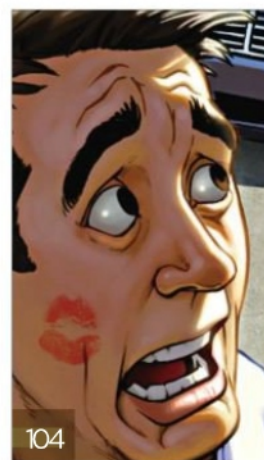
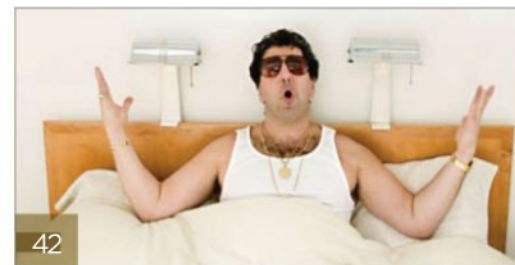
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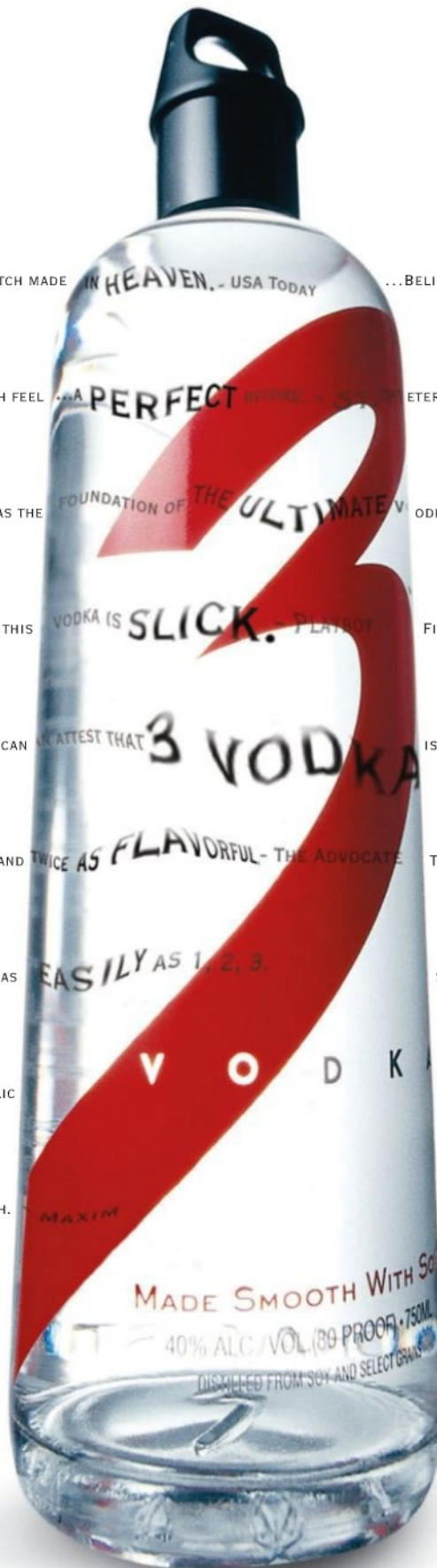
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VIP Treatment

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I was on my third day of dancing at a club when this guy offered me \$1,000 for a private dance. Totally shocked, I said, "Wow! Sir, that's flattering. May I ask what you expect?" He answered, "Trust me." I took him by the hand and we slowly made our way upstairs, where I had never performed.

As I took off my clothes, I noticed him reaching down his pants. I asked, "Can I help you with that?" He didn't answer, but his eyes were wide in amazement. I slowly reached down to remove his belt, sliding his pants down to his knees. I could tell he was nervous, so I knew I had control. I wrapped my fingers around his cock while he let out a moan. I flipped my hair back and slid my tongue from his freshly shaved balls all the way up to the tip, keeping my eyes focused on his. I went for it, down my throat, and felt him jerk in his seat. He was feeling complete pleasure.

I released my lips from the top of his cock and asked him to stand up. I bent over the couch where he'd been sitting, my ass up and my head turned so I could see him. I gave him the nod as I tilted my head back and slowly let my hair flow down my back. Instead of his cock, I felt a gentle touch across my ass. I thought, *What the hell?*

I felt it again and realized it was his tongue. He slowly licked from my clit to my ass. I had goose bumps from my thighs all the way up to my head. This was the last thing I'd expected.

He took control, making it clear he wanted to please me. Damn! I couldn't help but moan. Then I couldn't stop. He grabbed my hair as he rubbed his cock between my pussy lips. I wanted it so badly by then, I didn't know how I would stay quiet, but if the bouncers heard us, we would both be tossed out.

His head went back to my shaved cunt. I screamed, "Oh, fuck!" then quickly pushed my face into the pillow as he continued massaging my pussy lips with his tongue.

Just as I started to come, I heard the bouncer near our door. My legs were twitching as I yelled out, "Fuck me now, dammit! *Fuck me!*" The next thing I saw was this stranger who only wanted to please me getting tackled. I had to leave the room without the money and I got fired!—Caitlin, *Cams.com model*

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This story breaks my heart every time. Allegedly, just two years after the discovery of tanzanite in 1967, a Maasai tribesman knocked on the door of a gem cutter's office in Nairobi. The Maasai had brought along an enormous chunk of tanzanite and he was looking to sell. His asking price? Fifty dollars. But the gem cutter was suspicious and assumed that a stone so large could only be glass. The cutter told the tribesman, no thanks, and sent him on his way. Huge mistake. It turns out that the gem was genuine and would have easily dwarfed the world's largest cut tanzanite at the time. Based on common pricing, that "chunk" could have been worth close to \$3,000,000!

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Found in only one remote place on Earth (in Tanzania's Merelani Hills, in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro), the precious purple stone is 1,000 times rarer than diamonds. Luxury retailers have been quick to sound the alarm, warning that supplies of tanzanite will not last forever. And in this case, they're right. Once the last purple gem is pulled from the Earth, that's it. No more tanzanite. Most believe that we only have a few years supply left, which is why it's so amazing for us to offer this incredible price break. Some retailers along Fifth Avenue are more than happy to charge you outrageous prices for this rarity. Not Stauer. Staying true to our contrarian nature, we've decided to **lower the price of one of the world's rarest and most popular gemstones.**

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■ FIRST-TIME TRYST

At the end of the first day of a business seminar in Georgia, I showered, put on clean clothes, and after dining in the hotel, headed to the lounge for a drink. When I walked in, I saw one of the women I had met earlier at the seminar. Alexis is in her thirties, like me, is Brazilian born, and is as beautiful a woman as I have ever met. She spotted me and waved me over to her booth.

Alexis and I talked about our jobs and our families. Eventually I noticed that Alexis's conversation was solely about me: how beautiful I was, what a great figure I had, that my husband was very lucky to have such a sexy woman. I didn't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out that she was hitting on me. When I asked her if she was trying to seduce me, she smiled and said that was exactly what she had in mind.

While I could feel myself getting excited, I knew that this could not go any further. I told Alexis that while I was very flattered to be hit on by such a beautiful woman, nothing was going to happen between us. Alexis smiled again and said that I couldn't blame a girl for trying.

We changed the subject, and after another drink, I called it a night and told Alexis I would see her in the morning.

When I got to my room, I took off my clothes and was completely amazed by how wet my panties were. I was even more excited than I had realized and started thinking that there really wasn't anything wrong with a little experimenting.

I quickly re-dressed, minus my panties, and headed back down to the lounge, praying Alexis was still there. Thankfully, she was. She smiled when I told her that it was a woman's prerogative to change her mind.

In her room, Alexis took off my clothes and knelt in front of me, tracing her fingers through the small patch of hair on my mound while planting feather-light kisses over my pussy and telling me I smelled as beautiful as I looked. Then I helped Alexis out of her clothes and admired the beauty of the first woman I would ever have sex with.

We tumbled onto her bed and kissed passionately, our tongues tangling while our hands squeezed



each other's breasts. I knew that Alexis wanted to have me, but I needed to have her first. Moving down between her legs, I began to eat pussy for the first time, encouraged by Alexis's throaty moans of pleasure. I took her stiff clit into my mouth and sucked on it hungrily while finger-fucking her, then replaced my fingers with my mouth, just in time to catch Alexis's hot release on my tongue.

I could hardly believe I'd given another woman an orgasm, and was amazed by how much I'd enjoyed her taste and how much bringing her to climax had turned me on.

"Are you sure that was your first time?" Alexis gasped as she pulled my come-soaked lips to hers.

Then, turning me onto my back, Alexis pulled my quivering twat to her lips and sucked the juices from my pussy. Alexis ate my cunt longer and with more enthusiasm than my husband ever had. She drove me over the edge three times, each orgasm bigger than the last, while

I flooded her mouth with my juices.

But Alexis wasn't quite done, and apparently neither was I. Pressing her fingers into my pussy, Alexis gently sucked on my clit as she slowly fucked me. Suddenly, she pulled her fingers out and began spanking my pussy, completely startling me because I had never had that done before. But the unbelievable pleasure of Alexis slapping my cunt sent me over the edge yet again.

Alexis and I continued to make love for the next two days and nights, and I let this beautiful woman have her way with me and introduce me to things I'd only dreamed about, some of which I may even try with my husband.

I eventually told my husband about Alexis, and he was thrilled at the thought of me having sex with another woman—so thrilled that he began dropping hints about wanting to see me in some girl-girl action. Although I haven't given him any indication that I'll grant his wish, I've kept in touch with Alexis. There's a good chance he'll get a nice surprise for his 35th birthday!—H.B., Minnesota

More letters on page 124

Moving between her legs, I began to eat pussy for the first time, encouraged by her moans of pleasure.

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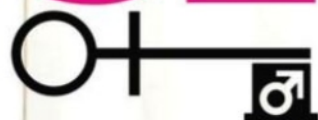
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GOING DOWN

Piranha 3-D director Alexandre Aja uses the eye-popping technology in the best way possible: as a vehicle for silly, sexy fun. The busty, bikini-clad sunbathers—including (from left) porn stars Ashlynn Brooke, Riley Steele (who ravishes the luscious Kelly Brook in an underwater scene), and Gianna Michaels—are rendered in gory glory.





DVDs

SCARE TACTICS

A campy 3-D cheesefest and a scare-you-shitless low-tech thriller demonstrate two big reasons why horror films make for great home entertainment.

By John Semley



Horror movies have long relied on gimmicks to spook their audiences. In 1959, B-movie director William Castle ordered elaborate pulley systems to be rigged up in theaters showing *The House on Haunted Hill* so that a plastic skeleton could swing above the audience; that same year, for *The Tingler*, he had a number of theater seats wired with electrical devices to enhance a climactic scene in which a creature appears to escape into the audience. Moviegoers were encouraged by Castle and film star Vincent Price to "scream for their lives," which would paralyze the Tingler. In 1960, Alfred Hitchcock made his own bold change to the nature of theatrical exhibition by demanding that latecomers be refused entrance to *Psycho* if the film had started.

More recently, horror filmmakers, who are always looking for increasingly intense ways of unsettling their audiences, have been exploring what 3-D technology allows them to bring to the table. Of course, it can be difficult to reconcile a serious film with stuff popping off the screen, so *Piranha 3-D* director Alexandre Aja didn't bother to try. This remake of Joe Dante's 1978 creature feature uses 3-D in the best way possible: as a vehicle for silly, sexy fun. The flick boasts an ensemble cast—Elisabeth Shue, Ving Rhames, Christopher Lloyd, Jerry O'Connell, Kelly Brook, and porn stars Ashlynn Brooke, Riley Steele, and Gianna Michaels—and tells the tale of a group of pornographers, vacationers, and law-enforcement officials battling swarms of prehistoric piranhas. Aja renders all the bloodthirsty marine life and busty, bikini-clad sunbathers in gory, eye-popping glory.

If you're looking for more sober spooks, bring home Daniel Stamm's truly terrifying *The Last Exorcism* (above). It was shot in shaky mockumentary style—a popular horror-movie gimmick since *The Blair Witch Project*—and follows a southern minister (Patrick Fabian) who's revealed to be a con artist when he treks into the heart of the Bible Belt to treat a teenage girl (Iris Bahr) suspected of being possessed by a demon. It plays out in only two dimensions, but it's chilling in a way few horror films are. Think *Rosemary's Baby* or Ti West's recent *House of the Devil*. It's the perfect choice for a terrifying movie night at home. Turn out the lights, make sure your beer is within reach, and try not to scream like a little girl when the pizza deliveryman knocks on the door.

IN YOUR FACE

Filmmakers having fun with 3-D.

■ *Friday the 13th Part III*

This 1982 film uses the technology in some goofy ways, like giving depth to a kid passing a joint around a van. It's coming your way! Get ready!

■ *My Bloody Valentine 3-D*

This remake of the 1981 Canadian movie used some pretty convincing 3-D shots to enhance the effects, and is at least somewhat responsible for the boom in the technology for home-entertainment releases.

IN YOUR NIGHTMARES

Directors don't need 3-D to scare the pants off you.

■ *Paranormal Activity*

This seriously low-budget hit (writer/director Oren Peli shot the film in his own house for \$15,000; it grossed more than \$100 million in U.S. theaters) is not as scary as *The Last Exorcism*, in our opinion, but the "found footage" presentation is bound to cause tension if you live with your girlfriend.

■ [REC]

It was remade on this side of the pond as *Quarantine*, but check out the original Spanish flick. It uses shaky-camera filmmaking to pump up the claustrophobic atmosphere of an ever-present zombie threat.



Ronald Reagan Centennial Collection

Ronald Reagan would have been 100 on February 6, and we're sure you'll be hearing lots about his presidency and his legacy. Enjoy a look back at his Hollywood career with this eight-film set, which includes *Dark Victory*, *Kings Row* (an Academy Award Best Picture nominee), and *Knute Rockne All American*. Watch one for the Gipper!—Barbara Rice Thompson



Justified: The Complete First Season

Find out why we had star Timothy Olyphant on our American Badass List this past summer by catching up with one of our favorite shows, which is based on Elmore Leonard's *Fire in the Hole* character. Season one ended up being all about father-son relationships, and you've never seen them in a TV series quite like this before—although the criminal parent is becoming a bit of a cliché for television lawmen and -women. The three-disc set includes four commentaries; five new featurettes; the music video for the theme song, "Long Hard Times to Come"; and a look at season two. —B.R.T.

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THE DECEMBERISTS

The King Is Dead

Capitol

★★★

The Decemberists have always been an easy target. The Portland, Oregon, quintet, led by bespectacled songwriter Colin Meloy, looks more like a Victorian-literature study group than a band, and their generally twee output—including song cycles based on obscure Irish myths—does little to defend them from rockist bullying. Yet they carry on, brains, bruises, and all: *The King Is Dead*, their sixth album, is among their strongest. Meloy has banished the proggy pomp of 2009's *The Hazards of Love* and made an effort to keep his thesaurus on the shelf. In their place is a short, solid set of warm, R.E.M.-influenced folk rock. R.E.M.'s Peter Buck himself plays the 12-string on "Calamity Song," a bracingly lovely track.



LESS POMP, MORE CIRCUMSTANCE

The Decemberists' sixth album reins in their literary excesses for a stripped-down set of sturdy folk rock.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE DECEMBERISTS) AUTUMN DE WILDE (HAYES CARLL) JAMES MINCHIN, (SOCIAL DISTORTION) DANNY CLINCH, (BROKEN RECORDS) CHRIS PARKS



HAYES CARLL
KMAG YOYO
Lost Highway
★★★★

second album for taste-making Americana label Lost Highway should erase it: "KMAG YOYO" is an army abbreviation for "Kiss my ass, guys. You're on your own," and it could double as Carll's mission statement. The irreverent, bluesy, and stridently independent Houston native is worlds away from his glossy Nashville peers. "I'm like James Brown but white and taller / all I want to do is stomp and holler," he cracks at one point. But it's not all jokes: The title track is a blistering modern soldier's story, and "Chances Are" is a beautifully spare, pedal-steel-kissed ballad.



If there was any lingering doubt that Hayes Carll isn't your typical country-music star, then the name of his



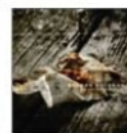
SOCIAL DISTORTION
Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes
Epitaph
★★★★

punk. Frontman Mike Ness's songwriting combines the sneer of the Sex Pistols with an all-American love of classic cars, leather jackets, and Springsteenian stories about bad luck and worse decisions, tapping into a soulful red, white, and blues behind the familiar angry chords. The band's first record in six years fits seamlessly into the canon. Ness pays tribute to the Rolling Stones on "California (Hustle and Flow)" and doubles down on his hard-knock career in the strident "Still Alive." No new tricks for this old dog, just the same great results.



BROKEN RECORDS
Let Me Come Home
4AD
★★★★

long, proud line of passionate, brooding Scotsmen. The sextet has been drawing raves from the U.K. press as well as comparisons to another outsize collective, Arcade Fire. But unlike those occasionally preachy Canadians, Broken Records use their multi-instrumental bombast to tackle matters of the heart. "A Leaving Song" pulses along while frontman Jamie Sutherland bellows "I want to feel alive!" In "A Darkness Rises Up," he wails about blood and family, while his mates bang on pianos and saw on fiddles, eventually blustering their way to an exhilaratingly messy catharsis. **C+**



As dark and stormy as a Glasgow winter—or at least a clichéd mystery novel—Broken Records are the latest in a



EPIC ESCAPE

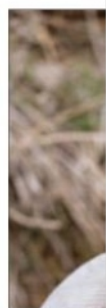
Peter Weir's first film since 2003 is a *Lawrence of Arabia*-style adventure in settings ranging from Siberian gulags to the Gobi Desert.

The Way Back

Ed Harris, Colin Farrell, Jim Sturgess



Some of the greatest guys' movies of all time are bust-out-of-prison flicks, such as *The Great Escape*, *Escape From Alcatraz*, and *Papillon*. We don't know why that is (the answer's above our pay grade), but we do know that if it involves Steve McQueen or Clint Eastwood and furtive digging with homemade implements, well, count us in. *The Way Back*, directed and cowritten by atmospheric craftsman Peter Weir (*Witness*, *Master and Commander*), is an old-fashioned epic that aspires to the pantheon of the genre. It's based on a controversial Polish memoir about a group of prisoners who broke out of a Siberian gulag during World War II, then walked 4,000 miles to India. Add Weir and the tough-guy cast, and you might be looking at one of the cinematic gems of this winter.

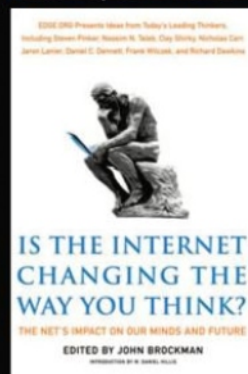




BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

Is the Internet Changing the Way You Think? The Net's Impact on Our Minds and Future

Edited by John Brockman

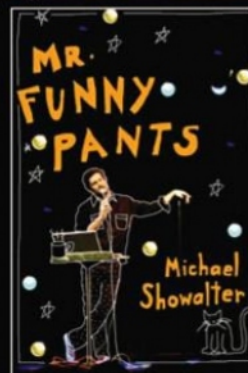


The question in the title of this book, from Harper Perennial, was posed to such figures as Google's Marissa Mayer, Brian Eno,

Esther Dyson, and Douglas Coupland. Some responses are illuminating, such as Nicholas Carr's opener about a college library that got rid of its books in favor of more computers, but many sound like ultrashort speeches that, taken as a whole, bleed together. While the breadth and the caliber of its contributors is impressive, the book would've been better with meatier, longer pieces.

Mr. Funny Pants

By Michael Showalter



Actor, writer, and comedian Showalter (*The State*, *Wet Hot American Summer*) spends much of this memoir from Grand Central Publishing

deconstructing (in decreasingly humorous ways) the process of writing it. Ask any writer and they'll tell you it's not a profession worthy of a behind-the-scenes look—even a preposterously tongue-in-cheek one. Showalter does succeed when he moves on to such real-world anecdotes as his first head shot, a failed attempt to adopt a cat, and girls with boyfriends who neglect to mention that detail up front. But two pages (literally) of "My future. What does it look like? My future what does it look like?" are a Jack Torrance-like insult to readers. Skip to the good parts.



No Strings Attached
Ashton Kutcher, Natalie Portman, Olivia Thirlby

This snarky sex comedy, written by friend-of-Diablo-Cody Elizabeth Meriwether, has been generating buzz in Hollywood for some time. With potentially quotable dialogue ("You fight like a hamster") and comedy veteran Ivan Reitman (*Ghostbusters*) directing—hoping, perhaps, for a little reflected hipster cachet from son Jason—we are cautiously optimistic. The plot? Two extremely frank friends try to maintain a purely sexual thing without emotional complications. Kutcher's former ladies' man character cracks first, while Portman's Type-A doctor holds out.



The Rite
Anthony Hopkins, Rutger Hauer

Why do we go to the leftover horror movies of January, the ones not quite up to the high-pressure release week of Halloween? Hey, do you have something better to do during the postholiday doldrums than watch solemn-toned Hopkins run around the Vatican and perform exorcisms? (See?) Indeed, the rite in question is of the bed-shaking, girl-growling, devil-inside-her variety. Ignore the familiarity of the premise and, instead, check out these normally respectful actors paying the bills: Toby Jones, Ciarán Hinds, Hopkins, and Hauer. Smells like ham's for dinner.



Unknown
Liam Neeson, Aidan Quinn, January Jones, Diane Kruger

The working title was *Unknown White Male*, but perhaps that was a little too on-the-nose for yet another generic Neeson action movie. All joking aside, we actually like the premise of this one, a kind of reverse-amnesia concept in which Neeson's character awakes from a coma to find his identity stolen. He remembers everyone from his past life, but no one—including his wife (Jones)—remembers him. He goes on a scowly rampage with the help of *Inglourious Basterds* hottie Kruger. The Berlin-shot thriller looks wintry and violent; among the villains are Quinn and Bruno Ganz, whom you'll recognize from all those *Hitler Downfall* parodies on YouTube.



The Dilemma
Vince Vaughn, Kevin James, Winona Ryder, Jennifer Connelly

Vaughn's character discovers his best friend's wife cheating, and wrestles over whether or not to tell his pal—hence the titular dilemma. The director, Ron Howard, has had prestige hits such as *Frost/Nixon* in recent years, but the last time he went for pure laughs, the result was *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*—the cinematic equivalent of a lump of coal under the tree. There's also the question of why this movie is coming out in January, and not during the breezy box-office days of summer. But the cast—which in addition to the lovely Ryder and Connelly, includes Queen Latifah—has some appeal. So, is this a dog or a sleeper? Yeah, bit of a dilemma.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (NO STRINGS ATTACHED) DALE ROBINETTE, (THE RITE) EGON ENDRENYI





Dead Space 2

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★★

Things did not end well for Isaac Clarke, the lobster-armored hero of the creepy first-person shooter *Dead Space*. After he spent the game skulking around a derelict ship and dismembering Necromorph space zombies with twenty-sixth-century power tools, the beleaguered spaceship repairman stumbled upon the reanimated corpse of his missing [spoiler deleted] and then [spoiler deleted]. This sequel picks up in a sprawling city on Titan, where Isaac must once again hack armies of undead aliens into flank steaks with an expanded arsenal of working-man weaponry, all while dealing with his own acute case of bat-shit insanity.

The sequel's improved physics turn anything Isaac grips with his telekinesis into weapons—from shards of glass to alien body parts—although we prefer shooting out windows and watching Necromorphs get sucked into the vacuum of space. With or without air (or even gravity), the creeped-out atmosphere of the original is still palpably intact. Spines will be chilled.

The only waste of space is the addition of multiplayer, which pits four humans against four Necromorphs in a variety of objective-based modes. It feels like a refugee from a different game. *Dead Space 2* is at its best when played alone and in the dark. Just be sure you've got every air lock in the house sealed up tight.



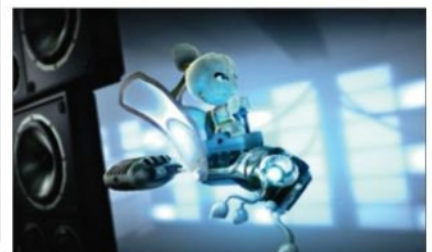
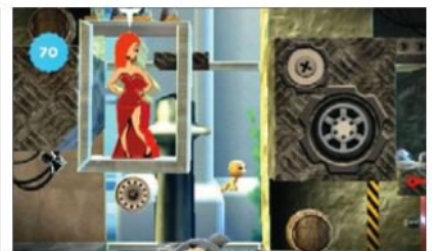
LITTLEBIGPLANET 2

SONY (PS3)

★★★★

Late-night commercials would have us believe we need to enroll in some sketchy online university to become a game designer. *LittleBigPlanet 2* begs to differ. While the quirky first installment limited players to crafting side-scrolling *Super Mario Bros.* clones, the sequel packs all the intuitive tools you need to make nearly any type of game imaginable. We've seen everything from a *Street Fighter II* copycat to a first-person shooter set in Vietnam emerge from crafty DIYers who got their hands on a prerelease version.

But even if your creative juices dried up years ago and you have no interest in, say, building a gun that launches livestock or designing a moon-buggy racing game that Rickrolls the losers (both exist), this still has plenty to offer. Moochers can play the included pre-made levels or browse the thousands of home-brew stages handcrafted by the community, all neatly organized by genre and quality rating. Someone's Pac-Man-with-a-jetpack experiment may reignite your creative spark.

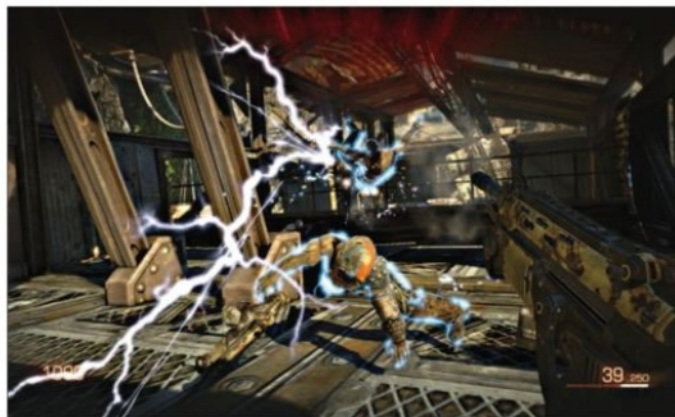


PREVIEWS

**HOMEFRONT****THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

If the battlefields in this futuristic first-person shooter seem as disturbingly familiar as, say, a trip to the mall on Black Friday, that's the idea. *Homefront* is set in the good old U.S. of A. circa 2027, two years after we've been invaded and occupied by the Greater Korean Republic. Football stadiums have become detention centers, towns have become military bases, and average Joes have organized into ragtag resistance groups keen on cleaning out the Commies from sea to shining sea.

You play a former pilot who gets sucked into the resistance after witnessing events in the game's opening that make today's Great Recession seem like an episode of *Happy Days*. Your mission is to haul a shipment of jet fuel from Colorado to the resistance base in San Francisco, fighting through suburban police states and dystopian strip malls along the way. There's a reason the whole America-under-siege story here sounds like a certain red-white-and-blue-blooded action classic: *Red Dawn* screenwriter John Millius penned *Homefront*'s plot.

**BULLETSTORM****EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Bulletstorm—created under the expert guidance of the guys who made the *Gears of War* sci-fi blockbusters—is a frantic, foulmouthed first-person shooter that comes with one commandment: Thou shalt kill in the most creative way possible. Head shots, long-range sniping, grenade chucking—such conventional warfare is considered boring here. This game instead gives hefty bonus points for inventive “skill shots,” such as bulls-eyeing bad guys in the balls or kicking them off ledges and perforating their flailing bodies before they go *splat*. Think of it as an irreverent alternative to all the gritty modern-warfare shooters assaulting your game console these days.

Driver's Ed

Which new racing game will rev up your engine?

**GRAN TURISMO SPORT****Sony (PS3)**

This is the sharpest-looking and most realistic racing game on the market, true autoerotica for car freaks who get hot and bothered over suspension settings and other under-the-hood minutiae.

**TEST DRIVE UNLIMITED 2****Atari (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)**

This sequel made for social drivers unleashes players on an accurately rendered isle of Ibiza, populated with other people you can race, organize into clubs, or invite to your garage to ogle your car collection.

**NASCAR THE GAME 2011****Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii)**

This simulation is geared toward adrenaline junkies who can dodge 30-car pileups at 200 miles per hour; it delivers all the Tide-sponsored cars, carnage, and left turns that made the words “Dick Trickle” acceptable on TV.

Watch and chat
with sexy babes

LIVE!

Chat for free at cams.com



CAMS.comSM is a service mark of Streamray Inc. Model depicted in photo.
Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

Valentine's Day

Massacre

Chocolates and roses are for chumps. Fly solo on February 14 and get yourself some manly gear that's in no way sanctioned by Hallmark.

By Crispin Boyer

■ Grill 'N Chill Tailgater with Draft System

GO! Products • \$3,500

Nothing screams "stark raving bachelor" like a 300-pound barbecue grill made of mirrored stainless steel and marine-grade components that dispenses beer and mounts to your trailer hitch for rapid deployment at the nearest stadium parking lot. This is the Death Star of portable kitchens, able to withstand the rowdiest crowds and wettest weather while searing steaks and burgers to perfection with its state-of-the-art infrared burners. A built-in 200-watt stereo blasts tunes or lets you crank up the game, while a 50-quart ice chest keeps tailgaters stocked through overtime.





■ WD82838 82-inch 3-D HDTV

Mitsubishi • \$4,500

Being single on Valentine's Day comes with one doozy of a perk: No one can talk you out of buying the largest 3-D HDTV on the planet—and you *will* decide to buy this 82-inch boob tube as soon as you see it in action. The DLP display is four feet tall and six feet wide, making it massive enough to show nearly life-size NHL fights, while 16 speakers arrayed across its base produce a wall of sound that's as impressive as the screen. This model's lag-free refresh rate is a thousand times faster than a conventional LCD screen, so if you miss a head shot in *Halo Reach*, you have only your reflexes to blame. Like all 3-D HDTVs, you have to wear those goofy goggles and supply your own 3-D content via a compatible cable box or 3-D Blu-ray player.



■ Pop-A-Shot Premium basketball game

Pop-A-Shot • \$1,395

You can hang around Chuck E. Cheese's for only so long before parents start shooting suspicious glares at you, so it's a good thing the company behind the original arcade basketball blockbuster sells a version for free-throw-addicted adults with large living rooms and loads of discretionary income. Just like the coin-operated machine you remember so fondly, this comes with three basketballs, a big backboard, an electronic scoreboard, and side netting over a steel frame. You wouldn't want errant shots rebounding off your big-screen TV.

■ KYBX-400 military keyboard

Stealth • \$695

If you're gonna go behind enemy lines in your PC games, you might as well do it with a keyboard that can withstand unfriendly fire in real life, too. This waterproof, shockproof—practically nukeproof—stainless-steel keyboard is designed to kick ass and type names. A built-in trackball handles mouse duty, and the red-backlit keys mean you won't need night-vision goggles for midnight missions to the message boards. The keys are constructed for years of use and abuse, and they deliver silent tactile feedback so you can conduct your flame wars in total stealth.





■ BoomTomb underground subwoofer

SpeakerCraft • \$549

What better way to celebrate your independence from the opposite sex—and maybe meet some of those members in the process—than by throwing a backyard party that will register on the Richter scale? The awesomely named BoomTomb is a 250-watt subterranean subwoofer protected by a resin enclosure that keeps out bugs and rainwater. Just wire it to your A/V receiver with heavy-duty speaker cable and you're ready to make the Earth move. Oh, be sure to clear your little mining operation with the neighbors, unless you want a brick through your window.



■ Edition 10 headphones

Ultrasone • \$2,750

Ultrasone's flagship headphones, which are handcrafted in Germany of exotic acoustics-enhancing materials, almost seem too highfalutin for filthy human ears. A mother lode of precious metals—titanium for the drivers, silver wiring in the cable, and a gold-plated jack—makes for a clarity of sound that's unmatched in lesser open-backed headphones. Ear cups coated in Ethiopian sheepskin and a sound field that emphasizes accurate reproduction over eardrum-ripping volume make these ideal for listening over the long haul.



■ EON 17 gaming laptop

Origin • \$4,365

This beast of a gaming notebook proves there's strength in numbers. Instead of one hard drive, it has three, for a total of three terabytes of storage. While other rigs come with one graphics chipset, this can handle dual Nvidia GeForce cards that work in concert to run the most demanding PC titles at their highest settings. The 17.3-inch HD widescreen display brings games and movies to vivid life. Unfortunately, all that comes with one mild annoyance: The chassis needs to be ultraheavy to house all the cooling features that keep this monster from melting in your lap.

Celebrate your independence from the opposite sex by throwing a backyard party that will register on the Richter scale.

■ Lazy Bastard chair

Montis • \$1,509

If La-Z-Boy recliners are for fogies and beanbag chairs are for Justin Bieber fans, then the Lazy Bastard easy chair is the hip, happy medium. This plushy product of a Dutch furniture designer is like an ultrastylish beanbag complete with legs and armrests. The polystyrene beads within the soft fabric mold to your derriere, so you can collapse into the chair for marathon man-cave sessions while impressing female visitors with your European sense of decor. And if you really want to relax to the max, you can order a separate ottoman filled with the same body-hugging stuffing. 



THE FIRST-CLASS ESCAPE ARTIST

How you get away makes all the difference. By Bill Heald

When you're in a hurry to change your surroundings, nothing lets you exploit the freedom of the open road like a


motorcycle. Had a big fight with your significant other? One surefire remedy is to put the problem in your bike's mirrors and make it as small as possible. But don't think using one of the most compact conveyances on the road means your great escape needs to be a crude, minimalist experience. In fact, with BMW's rather extraordinary K 1600 GTL, you can have all the comforts of the finest sports sedan, while still enjoying the physical interaction with the traveling experience that only a motorcycle can provide.

How is this possible, you ask? Simple. BMW has been diligent at making its motorcycles excellent long-haul companions since the company's inception, and it builds models for long-distance escapes whether the roads are paved or utter crap. When the K 1200 LT was introduced in 1999, it marked BMW's entrance into the überluxury-mega-touring class that had been dominated for ages by the Honda Gold Wing. The Beemer offered the same kind of amenities as the Honda but was a sportier mount, and great fun to hustle down twisty back roads, despite its considerable

size. Having spent a fair amount of time in the saddle of this motorcycle on long trips, it was hard for me to fathom what improvements the bike really needed.

But I'm not BMW. Its new flagship is a clean-sheet creation; a motorcycle with the same number of wheels as the old LT but re-created in every other aspect. Where once an inline

four lay flat in the engine room, now we have an inline six that is upright and mounted transversely, where it pumps out 160 horsepower. Even at 1,600 ccs, this is a surprisingly compact mill, and tuning can be altered at the push of a button (with Rain, Road, and Dynamic modes). Also adjustable via a switch on the handlebar is the suspension setting, when the Electronic Suspension Adjustment (called ESA II) system is selected as a factory option. This is a brilliant solution to fine-tuning the ride dynamics to the road conditions, while also addressing the widely varying loads that big tour bikes face (especially if you suddenly decide to bring a companion with you).

Speaking of bringing things with you, a wealth of luggage space is available, thanks to two big pannier cases, plus a capacious topcase. You can get a model without the topcase (the K 1600 GT), but trust me, it's the most versatile cargo container on any tour bike. ABS brakes, heated grips and seat, adjustable windscreen, cruise control, an onboard computer, and Bluetooth-integrated sound system are all standard, and additional options include an adaptive headlight that compensates for the bike leaning in turns, a navigation system, and Dynamic Traction Control. Power, handling, capacity, and luxury are all blended together like in no other big bike out there, making this stellar BMW the ultimate getaway ride. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline six
Bore x stroke	72mm x 67.5 mm
Displacement	1,649 cc
Fuel system	BMS-X engine management
Ignition	Digital electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	Double longitudinal control arms
Rear suspension	Paralever single shock
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 320-mm disc, ABS
Front tire	120/70-ZR17 radial
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17 radial
Fuel tank	Seven-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	63.7 inches
Seat height	29.5 inches
Dry weight	767 pounds
Base price	To be determined





THE BIG D'S DECADENT SIDE

Dallas is a serious party town. Texans like their drinks stiff, their food spicy, their football rough, and their women blonde and busty. If you're coming to town for the Super Bowl, you can enjoy all of the above.

By Joe Diamond



Teddy's Room

NIGHTCLUBS

■ AURA

AuraUptownDallas.com; 2912 McKinney Avenue; 214-220-2872
John Legend and other celebs party at this über trendy nightclub, where the noirish red lights boost everyone's sexy quotient by a factor of ten. No wonder the guys at the Dallas social-networking site SpottedHere.com call Aura one of the city's hottest night-spots. The signature drink, Aura-gasm (X-Rated vodka with fruit punch and orange, pineapple, and cranberry juice), is a great conversation starter. Highly danceable beats keep the crowd on its feet. Buy a girl enough Aura-gasms and you might just get her moving off the dance floor.

■ GILLEY'S DALLAS

GilleysDallas.com; 1135 South Lamar Street; 214-421-2021
You've got to hit at least one old-

school honky-tonk saloon while you're in town. The granddaddy of 'em all is Gilley's, home to El Toro, the world's most famous mechanical bull. Gilley's has grown into a modern nightlife colossus with live bands and a country-western bar that can hold 2,500 party animals—and that's no bull. If you want to impress the local girls with your two-steppin', check out the free monthly dance lessons.

■ GLASS CACTUS NIGHTCLUB GAYLORD TEXAN HOTEL & CONVENTION CENTER

GlassCactusNightclub.com; 1501 Gaylord Trail (Grapevine); 817-778-2800
This 39,000-square-foot mega club overlooking beautiful Lake Grapevine is about six minutes from Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport.

There are four floors bursting with live entertainment, dancing, plenty of hot women, and the greatest selection of tequila we could find in the Lone Star State.

■ PM NIGHTLIFE LOUNGE THE JOULE HOTEL

PMNightlifeLounge.com; 1530 Main Street (downtown); 214-261-4501

You won't find oil below the Joule Hotel, but you will find a great subterranean nightclub. As one of the founders notes, the club radiates with "the metaphysical power of crystals and precious metals like copper, gold, and silver." Rapper Ludacris, in decidedly more down-to-earth language, calls PM "the dopest thing I've seen." The ladies come to dance and to admire the elegant decor, which includes gargantuan chandeliers and oversize bronze mirrors. The men come to, well, admire the ladies.

■ PLUSH

MySpace.com/PlushDallas; 1400 Main Street (downtown)

One of the city's newer nightspots draws some of the world's top spinners, such as DJ Boris, and crowd-pleasing performers like "Milkshake" vixen Kelis. The three-level, \$10 million club also sports a ginormous video screen, stripper poles, and a bevy of go-go girls.

PUBS AND LOUNGES

■ THE LOON

3531 McKinney Avenue; 214-559-3059

Walk into this windowless bar and you'll feel completely cut off from the outside world—which is fine, because there are

leather couches and a chandelier made of champagne flutes. Music runs the gamut from current Top 40 to hip-hop to eighties hits.

■ SHERLOCK'S BAKER STREET PUB AND GRILL

SherlocksPub.com; 5100 Belt Line Road (Addison); 972-726-6100

Head up to Addison, about 13 miles north of downtown Dallas, to check this out. It's modeled on the world's greatest detective's lair, but it's no mystery why it's so popular. Cheap drinks, darts, pool tables, and cover bands keep everyone entertained. As if that's not enough, the girls wear skimpy outfits that amply expose their Texas-size assets, even when

family-friendly facade is a prime place for locals and out-of-towners to mingle. This laid-back lounge/eatery features an expansive wraparound patio, and it's a good spot to meet someone you can wrap yourself around for the night. In addition to comely bartenders and patrons, J. Black's offers excellent grub, including regional faves queso blanco and baby back ribs, and more exotic fare like crab-and-portobello pizza.

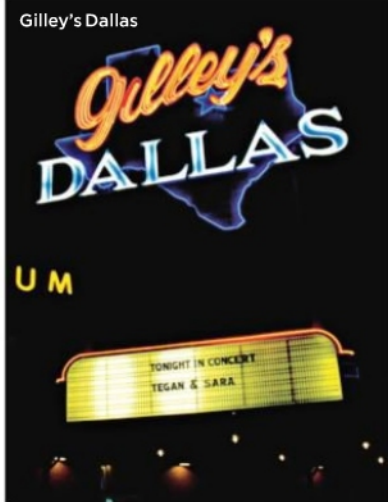
MEET MARKETS

■ ALBERTSON'S SUPERMARKET

Albertsons.com; 3524 McKinney Avenue; 214-528-0356

Locals refer to this as the "hot" Albertson's. The *Dallas Observer*

Gilley's Dallas



J. Black's Feel Good Lounge

Can't make it to the Super Bowl? The Texas State Fair is held every October in the Fair Park in Dallas.



enough hot Texan chicks inside to keep you occupied. Cozy fireplaces, comfy recliners, and a casual dress code inspire friendly conversation. The Loon is also said to serve some of the stiffest drinks in town, and it was named Best Dive Bar in *D Magazine's* 2010 Readers' Choice awards.

■ TEDDY'S ROOM

TeddysRoomDallas.com; 2404 Cedar Springs Road #400; 214-808-7909

It's named for America's hard-charging, trust-busting 26th president, and manages to mix patriotism and hedonism into a very sexy brew. The club features a burlesque show on Fridays. Offstage, there's always an abundance of hot twentysomethings in fuck-me pumps to remind you why this is the greatest country on Earth. The drinks are more potent than they sound, so beware the Rough Ride Her Tini. The place feels like a modern version of a speakeasy, with black

there's a winter chill in the air. One warning: At times, this place gets smokier than a London opium den.

■ BLACK FRIAR PUB

BlackFriarPub.com; 2621 McKinney Avenue; 214-953-0599

Someone had the good sense to convert a private house into a fine Irish pub in the heart of cowboy country. We'll drink to that. There's nothing pretentious here, just a nice casual spot with a spacious outdoor patio, a huge liquor selection, and lots of sweet Dallas eye candy.

■ J. BLACK'S FEEL GOOD LOUNGE

JBlacks.com; 2409 North Henderson Avenue; 214-613-2525

It might look like a suburban steak house from the outside, but beyond the

labeled it Best Meet Market 2010. *D Magazine* once called it "the best place to bump carts." That probably has something to do with all those cute coeds who move into the neighborhood (McKinney is a nightlife hub) after graduating. They've got to shop somewhere.

■ SOUTHLAKE TOWN SQUARE

SouthlakeTownSquare.com; 1256 Main Street (Southlake)

Up for some cougar hunting? Rent a car and head over to Southlake, about a 30-minute drive from downtown, a sprawling open-air hub for upscale shopping, dining, drinking, and socializing. This jewel of urban planning is also hospitable to wildlife—as in, cougars on the prowl. They converge on the area, especially on weekends, prepackaged for fun: fake tans, fake boobs, fake nails—everything a guy wants in a cougar. At least for a weekend. ☞

TAKE YOUR MARK

Maker's 46, born from a bourbon staple, kicks up the spice factor.

By Meaghan Dorman



What took so long?" That's what Bill Samuels Jr., president of Maker's Mark Distillery, said about the resurgence of America's whiskeys.

Partly due to the red-hot cocktail scene, and partly because people have finally realized American whiskeys are as worthy as any import, homegrown brown booze is flying off liquor-store shelves. Adding fuel to this fire, the Maker's Mark folks are adding something new to the market.

The company's use of red winter wheat (as opposed to rye) in its mash results in the smooth, distinct profile that bourbon lovers are fanatic about, but Samuels knew that drinker's palates have been evolving toward the bold and spicy. Samuels wanted to make a bourbon that would move both the brand and the category forward, without moving too far from the foundation product.

Maker's 46 is the result of the project, in which master distiller Kevin Smith sought to expand the distillery from its singular mission. The epiphany came in realizing they had the basis of their next innovation already in-house. A decision was made to finish the standard Maker's Mark bourbon in barrels that would "ramp up the nose and lengthen the finish, but avoid bitterness," according to Samuels. Enlisting the assistance of their barrel maker, Independent Stave, the perfect result was reached in test barrel No. 46. Ten staves of the original barrels were replaced with seared French oak staves, which adds tannin, along with complex spice, vanilla, and

caramel notes.

After maturing in their usual new American oak barrels, a select batch of Maker's Mark is placed into the No. 46 barrels. The bourbon is aged there several more months, until Smith thinks the batch has reached perfection. He says Maker's 46 "is spicier and has a more intense aroma than Maker's Mark. It has rich caramel and vanilla flavors, and even at 94 proof it's soft enough to hold on the tongue." The full-bodied bourbon is so smooth that Samuels prefers it with just a couple of ice cubes.

Although Smith and Samuels were confident in their quest for a bourbon breakthrough, they needed the seal of approval from their Maker's core. Last April, almost 4,000 of their most loyal customers were brought into the Kentucky distillery for a first taste. After an overwhelming thumbs-up, Samuels knew 46 was ready to start the trek across the United States.

But while they already consider Maker's 46 a success, don't expect the company to abandon its small-batch processes to start churning out new portfolio additions. Samuels is open to expanding the line again, but "in another 52 years—the time it took between my parents' creation of Maker's Mark and our first product innovation: Maker's 46."



THE PERFECT 46
 2 ounces Maker's 46
 1/2 ounce Punta E Mes vermouth
 1/2 ounce Dolin dry vermouth
 2 dashes Angostura aromatic bitters
 2 dashes Angostura orange bitters

Combine all ingredients in a mixing glass with ice and stir. Strain into a rocks glass filled with fresh ice.


Recipe courtesy of Village Whiskey, Philadelphia.



I've been seeing this girl for a year now. We went on our first date last Valentine's Day, after I answered her personals ad saying she was looking for company that night. Needless to say, I got laid. At that time, she played it off like she wasn't into Valentine's or relationships or any of that, but now she's dropping hints and it's becoming increasingly obvious that she wants me to do something special for Valentine's, even though we still haven't even had a conversation about being exclusive. I have the terrible feeling she's using our "anniversary" as a way to see where I stand. How do I show her a decent time without sending her the wrong message and getting trapped in a full-blown relationship?

Forget cupid's arrow, my friend. This girl is about to nail you to the butcher's block. Have you thought about getting out of town?

Can your mom be convinced to die that weekend? Short of that, you want to treat her nice without getting too romantic. In fact, drop the "ro" altogether and make your night just plain *man*-tic. Keep things safely in the proverbial testosterone zone by, say, treating her to box seats at a hockey game (assuming she digs hockey enough that you avoid the old "we only do things you like" complaint). Even if she ends up bitching that you're at a fluorescent-lit gladiator pit while all her friends are at fancy restaurants, there isn't a recrimination in the world that can't be squelched with, "Do you realize how much I spent on these tickets?" That said, when some schmuck proposes to his girlfriend on the Jumbotron, ridicule him mercilessly in order to make it clear that you're not about to ever go there, and then, before she can say "boo" (or, more worrisome, call you *her* "boo"), be so gallant as to ask her if she wants more nachos.

I'm sure you get the idea: Lay her down in a bed of roses, but make sure said roses have thorns. You don't want her getting too comfortable. And if the night does end in "I never want to see you again" dramatics, don't worry. Everyone breaks up on V-day. February 15 is prime time for cruising the net for randy rebounders. 

CASUAL KILLER

Does a Valentine's Day date signal the death of a casual relationship? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to keep it from getting serious.

Illustration by Celia Calle



2 SET YOUR-SELF APART

“Porn girls are used to being praised for their appearance or attitude. Praise her intelligence and other qualities.”—*December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree*

Fans complimenting the girls on their beauty sound alike after a while. Guys also sometimes come across as rude when they comment on porn stars' physical attributes. The truth is, whether you're at a strip club or an industry event, the girls know that every guy there is going to hit on them. Act more dignified than most. Sabrina adds, “And dress nice. Jeans and a tailored business jacket are an awesome go-to combination.”



PICKUP CHICKS

Few women are lusted after more than porn stars and nude models, but most guys think only rock stars and pro athletes can score with them. We call bullshit on that, and offer these pickup tips for the average guy.

By Greg Hudock

“I’ve fucked fans or guys in the crowd a few times.”
—*porn star Taylor Wane*

1. KEEP YOUR COOL

“I like the ‘friendly’ approach. Don’t come on too strong.”—*February 2006 Pet of the Month Charlie Laine*

That’s right, guys, you’re generally too aggressive. “Adult stars are constantly around men from many different walks of life, and we have been offered the world and then some,” says porn star Madelyn Marie. The first step, then, is knowing you need to control yourself and keep your cool, no matter how fired up or nervous you get. Smiling with a relaxed, calm, and confident demeanor puts women at ease.

3. MAKE HER LAUGH

“I like someone who is funny and who doesn’t try too hard. A cheesy pickup line usually results in a definite no.”—*December 2009 Pet of the Month Jayden Cole*

Although these girls are sex symbols, at the end of the day, they still like many of the same things as women who aren’t in the adult biz. Like most ladies, they’re interested in guys who are confident, and they all seem to love guys who can make them laugh, especially when they’re dancing at a club and may be feeling nervous about the close contact with the audience. “When people laugh, they forget about problems or insecurities,” says Madelyn Marie. “Laughing is a great stress reliever that makes the girl susceptible to wanting that feeling again.”



5 MAKE CONVERSATION

“Any conversation is good conversation, and it opens the door to a world of possibility. Sometimes even a little conversation leads to phone numbers and dates.”—*porn star Madelyn Marie*

A good conversation about anything that stimulates you both will separate you further from the rest of the guys trying to score. A comfortable talk, even if it's brief, will pique her interest in you. Then ask for her number or offer to email her something that you spoke about, giving you a casual way to get her contact info. You might see her again the same day or night, or, depending on your schedules, days or weeks later. However long it takes, maintain a connection with her to sustain the initial attraction. If you hit it off really well when you met, it's just a matter of time. As Charlie says, “Just be yourself. Make moves, but slowly. If I want it you will definitely know.”



4 BE POLITE

“Any guy who comes up to me, makes me laugh, and is nice has a chance with me. I hate guys who are arrogant, too pushy, or rude.”—*August 2007 Pet of the Month Jana Jordan*

Which raises the age-old question: If women are interested in nice guys, why do jerks always seem to get the hot chicks? October 2000 Pet of the Month Linn Thomas offers one theory: “Keeping a girl guessing doesn't work unless she has no self-esteem.” So jerks score civilian women by the boatload because most women have issues. While erotic models and porn stars can be just as insecure as the average woman, they're less likely to fall for that. They know the game inside and out, which means bullshit typically doesn't work with them.



6 RELAX

“Have a good time and just forget about getting laid, and you will have a higher chance of actually doing so.”—*Madelyn Marie*

According to Madelyn, guys can score “even if the girl is not truly attracted to you or if the chemistry is not 100 percent there yet.” And we can all take comfort in her parting words: “For those of you slightly lacking in the looks or confidence department: Just be yourself, be respectful, and find your inner clown. I guarantee by the second or third date you will be laughing under the sheets.”



A photograph of a woman lying on her back on a red cloth spread over green grass. She is surrounded by a large pile of red rose petals. Her legs are raised and bent at the knees, with her feet pointing towards the top of the frame. The lower half of her body is visible, showing her buttocks and thighs. The overall scene is romantic and sensual.

natural woman

This lush setting is the perfect backdrop for 34D-24-34 Chrissy Marie, a 21-year-old nursing student from Southern California. She summed up her love of the great outdoors for us: "I love camping. I'm not the kind of girl who wants to fly to the Bahamas on vacation. I'd much rather drive up to the mountains and pitch a tent." We're sure she's got you pitching a tent as well.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"I developed earlier than all the other girls in school. Because I had large breasts, I would get dirty looks from the girls, and the guys were too intimidated to talk to me."







"The worst thing about being attractive is that people automatically think I'm an airhead or that I starve myself. Both are untrue. I'm actually a recovering junk-food addict."






"I don't really admire celebrities.
I enjoy looking at certain
celebs' bodies, sure, but how
can I admire someone if I
don't know them personally?"





A photograph of a woman lying on her back on a light-colored, textured couch. She is positioned in front of a large window that looks out onto a lush green garden. The woman's legs are bent and raised, with her feet pointing towards the camera. She is wearing a light-colored, ruffled garment around her waist. Her hands are resting on her thighs. The lighting is bright and natural, coming from the window.

"I like men to be a little scruffy, have body hair, and smell good. Guys with bad hygiene are a huge turnoff for me. Oh, and I like a man with a sense of humor."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
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SEE MORE OF CHRISSY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



LOVE AND BASKETBALL

A Valentine's Day visit with the NBA's ultimate Romeo, Doug Christie.

By John Bolster

H E PLAYED IN THE NBA FOR 15 YEARS, was named to the All-Defensive team four times, and made several trips deep into the playoffs with the Sacramento Kings. Yet Doug Christie is not best remembered for his rock-solid basketball credentials. That's because of an incident during a 2002 preseason game between Sacramento and Los Angeles. Christie and Lakers forward Rick Fox got into a tussle during the game, and Fox later went after Christie near the tunnel to the Kings' locker room. Enter Jackie Christie, Doug's wife: She set upon Fox and started belting him with her purse. (Really.)

This sparked widespread interest in the Christie's relationship, and it turned out there was much to be interested in: The two were literally inseparable. Jackie routinely traveled with the Kings, and Doug acknowledged her dozens of times during games, using hand signals. There was plenty more where that came from, and all of it invited a disproportionate amount of ridicule and scorn on the couple.

Christie retired from the NBA in 2007 and now works as a trainer/mentor for basketball players of varying ages. We spoke to him recently about the challenges of being a family man in pro sports, the current NBA season, and his post-playing career.

Considering the things we've learned in the past few years about the lifestyles of some high-profile athletes, do you think people might have a different interpretation of your relationship with your wife?

I definitely think so. I watch the games now, and I see Kobe walk off the court and he's kissing his wife and kids, and when we were doing it people were making fun of us. But this is your family, this is your wife—and you have an extreme job. By extreme job I mean that you're on the road for long periods of time. For my wife and me

“IF YOU WANT TO BE MARRIED AND FAITHFUL IN PRO SPORTS OR ENTERTAINMENT, YOU HAVE TO TAKE EXTREME MEASURES.”



back then, we had just married, so we were really trying to solidify our relationship. Looking back, we created a blueprint for something that was really good—if you want to be married and faithful in sports or entertainment, you have to take extreme measures.

If you had to put a percentage on it, how widespread is marital infidelity in the NBA?

That is a hard question. I would say maybe ... 60 percent? I don't know how close that is, because a lot of my teammates weren't married. And the ones who were, I never had an *inkling* [of any "road beef" activities]. I know about a lot of different stuff that I saw on other teams, but to put a percentage on it—that's a hard one. I would say 60. It could be higher. I don't know.

You and your wife had a clear arrangement. How many guys do you think have the opposite arrangement, where the wife takes a don't-ask, don't-tell approach? Or one like Andrei Kirilenko and his wife, who allows him "one per year"?

[Laughs] We were actually on *The Tyra Banks Show* with them when she said that. I was just like, "Holy shit, really? That's original." I'd never heard that one. But you know, a lot of

guys' wives don't travel. They stay at home, and the player does whatever he does and the wife does whatever she does—and that's maybe their arrangement. But my wife and I—I told her, "I'm an open book. If you want to travel, hey, let's go, let's have a good time. Let's have a blast." The kids aren't there; if we want to have wild sex, we can do that. And I don't have to worry about HIV and AIDS, any of that stuff. I don't have to go out to a bar.

Will the Miami Heat have their act together for this year's playoffs?

I think they will. But it's going to take some time. Their [early-season] offense might not be conducive to the talent pool they have. They slow the ball down a lot, which I don't think is the best fit for them. These guys need to push the ball: attack, attack, attack. Also, I think LeBron James is a point guard. I think they're playing him at the wrong position. They say the NBA is all about matchups. Well, there's no greater matchup [advantage] than LeBron James versus *any* point guard in the NBA. It just makes total sense to take advantage of that.


Who are the top contenders in the league?

I think L.A. is the team to beat, but Boston just keeps coming into my mind. They really shored up their middle with Shaq and Jermaine O'Neal. And Kevin Garnett, Paul Pierce, Ray Allen, Rajon Rondo—those guys match up real well against the Lakers. A dark horse might be Oklahoma City. With Kevin Durant and Russell Westbrook, you get a one-two punch, kind of like Malone and Stockton.

Tell us about Christie Sports Management.

Christie Sports Management is a training program structured around mind, body, and basketball. The mind part involves dissecting your opponent, understanding the game, and living right off the court. The body is functional athletics: why you do a squat, or any maneuver, and how you do it properly. Lastly, basketball: just training them in every aspect, from shooting to defense to breaking down film.

And you have a range of clients?

Yes. My youngest client is my son—he's nine. Then I have some high school students—one of them just signed with Washington State University—and I also train Matt Barnes of the Lakers. 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) ROCKY WIDNER/NBAE/GETTY IMAGES; GLENN JAMES/NBAE VIA GETTY IMAGES; FREDERICK M. BROWN/GETTY IMAGES

The Cheat Sheet

***a**hole•ol•ogy* illustrated the advantages of being an asshole. Now you can find out how to make being an asshole work to your advantage when it comes to the opposite sex.**

By Chris Illuminati

In the book *a**hole•ol•ogy: The Science Behind Getting Your Way and Getting Away With It*, you learned—in great detail—exactly why a person would want to become an asshole. In *a**hole•ol•ogy: The Cheat Sheet*, you'll find specific scenarios, along with tactics for implementing those teachings, to emerge a better (and possibly bigger) asshole than you ever imagined. This handy go-to guide on how to be the smoothest asshole possible in the toughest situations also shows you how to steer clear of the dreaded douche-bag territory. Because the last thing you want to be is a douche bag.

Rules to Live by

A quick refresher: The Ten Demandments of Being an Asshole. These are the essential rules every asshole needs to know.

- I.** The asshole cares about the asshole the most.
- II.** The asshole is always right.
- III.** The asshole rarely apologizes.
- IV.** The asshole never accepts the word “no.”
- V.** The asshole is always in control.
- VI.** The asshole always has a plan.
- VII.** The asshole takes what he wants.
- VIII.** The asshole always looks good.
- IX.** The asshole learns from his (few) mistakes.
- X.** The asshole is always evolving.

Sex Was Great ... But She Is Still Here

You had a great time. Drinks were intoxicating, dinner was delicious, more drinks were an excellent idea, and sex on the hood of your car in the Arby's parking lot was a *Penthouse* letter in real life. A couple more glazings of her doughnut back at your place and you're ready to put on Adult Swim and sleep it all off.

The Problem

“Well, it was a nice time. Yup. Nice time. Guess I'll call you soon. Oh, you're still in bed. Um, yeah, I guess you can stick around—*yaaawnnn*—but I'd really prefer if you didn't because ...” Shit, she isn't leaving.

The 'Hole Truth

You don't want her to stay at your place, but you wouldn't mind seeing her again. Clothed and unclothed. Tread lightly, because you don't want to piss her off enough to not have another shot at the big Beef 'n Cheddar in her pants. (No, I will never look at an Arby's sandwich the same way after that analogy either.)

Step 1: Never take the fun into the bedroom.

The bedroom means sleep. The bedroom means somewhere warm and comfy to lie down after you've bumped uglies. It also means she really doesn't have to get up again until morning. Keep the boning to the kitchen, the living room, or any available couch or open spot on the floor. Any place that, once the fucking is finito, is really an uncomfortable place to be naked and sweaty. It will force her to get dressed again, and putting on clothes is one step



away from walking out the front door.

Step 2: Get up and get busy.

Don't just lie around making cute talk. Get up and start doing things. Really dull and boring things. If it's a weeknight, start getting ready for work the next day. Pack a lunch, pick out clothes, and show her you're getting back to real life. If it's a weekend, start getting ready for your plans for the next day. "Oh, I totally forgot to pack my bags for that fishing trip I'm going on at 5 A.M. I guess I should start now."

Step 3: Stop messing around.

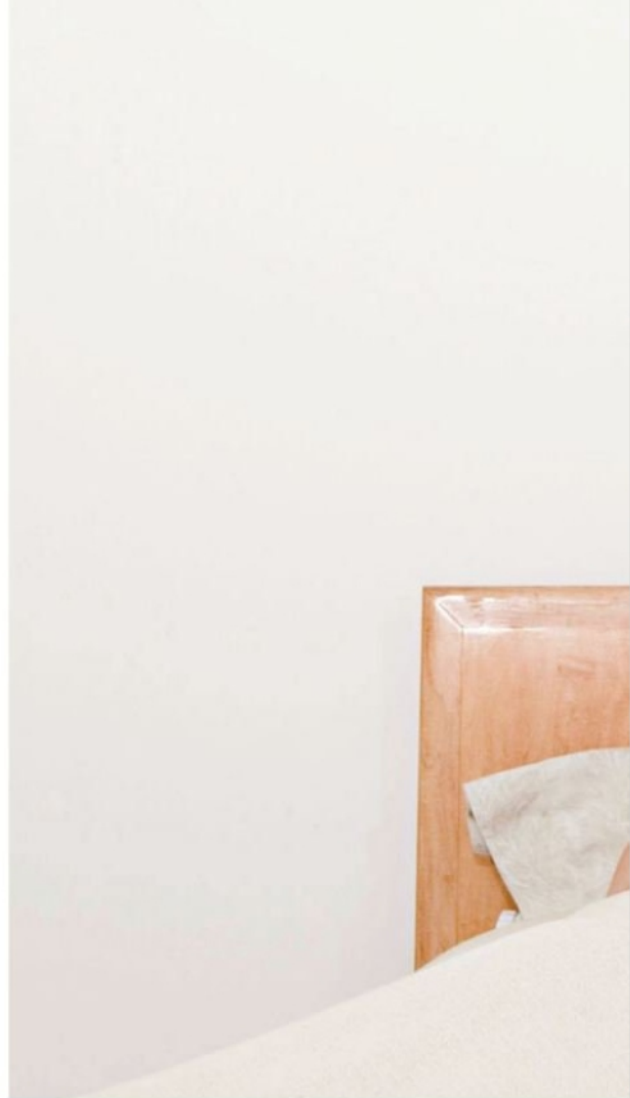
If you want her to leave, stop giving her reasons to stay. Don't mention something good coming on TV or how delightful you are at making late-night grub. Make things so boring that she will want to leave. Most important, don't keep having sex. Yes, I said stop screwing. Even an asshole knows when enough is enough. If you keep screwing around, she'll think she's crashing for the night, because only a douche bag would make a woman leave at four in the morning.

Step 4: If all else fails, take it to another location.

She isn't getting the hint, so it looks like both of you will have to leave the premises. Ask her if she wants to go grab some food, or even go so far as offering to take her home. Just get out of your place.

Don't Be a Douche

A douche tells a woman she has to go and hands over her clothes. It's not that hard for her to split because she already realizes she made a mistake and will be more than happy to leave. I hope she doesn't accidentally run her key along your car on the way out. Kidding—I hope she does, douche.



The bedroom means she really doesn't have to get up again until morning. Keep the boning to the kitchen, the living room, or any available couch or open spot on the floor.

You Sexted the Wrong Person

Sexting can be hot in the hands of an expert. You already know you're an expert, because every asshole should be good at wordplay, but finding a woman who's good at texting perverted ideas and NSFW pictures brings the naughty to a whole new level.

The Problem

You were feeling a little chubby under the zipper and decided to sext your favorite target. You said some pretty nasty things and maybe even sent a little picture to get her juices flowing. Unfortunately, you're terrible with your phone and you sent it to the wrong person.

The 'Hole Truth

It's out there and there is no going back. It's time to do some damage control. The amount of damage depends on the

recipient of your sex slang and picture message of your egg-white cannon.

If it's another girl ...

Wait to see if or how she responds. It might not be so bad. If she's into it, she might sext back. Now you've got two possible digital humping partners. If she texts back that you're a pervert, don't say anything back. Just delete her phone number and block her from calling or texting.

If it's an ex ...

Let's hope you're on friendly terms. If she dated you long enough, she knows you're a sexual deviant, she isn't surprised by your actions, and it's possibly the reason you two split up in the first place. Who knows, it could lead to one last pump in the dumper. Of course, she might be a stuck-up bitch about it. Another reason you split up.

If it's a coworker ...

Damage control! Shut off your phone. Go to the store and buy a brand-new cellphone. Get into the office as early as possible



the next day. Write an email and send it to everyone at work explaining your cellphone was stolen and you had to buy a new one. You lost all of your info, so ask everyone to send their cellphone numbers to put into the new phone. The coworker might share the sexting story. You've got to act *appalled*. You've got to say you hope the pervert who stole your phone didn't do that to anyone else. "Oh, God, Mee Maw's phone number is in that phone! Oh, Mee Maw!" Then run away.

If it's a dude ...

Leave the country. You'll be missed.

Don't Be a Douche

Too late. You sexted the wrong person. You became a douche the moment you hit "send."

Bang Her Best Friends

You've gone on a few dates with a woman and it's just not working out. She is a fantastic chick and you've sunk her battleship on more than one occasion, but it's all leading to another game called "The Friendship Tip." You want to stay in touch with her, but only because she runs with a pack of foxes and you're looking to hunt down one in particular.

The Problem

She has many hot friends. You want to nail one, or seven, depending on how much they share among them. You've got to pull it off without looking like you're using her to get to them, and without getting labeled by the group as "off limits."

The 'Hole Truth

Any chick in the group is attainable. You've just got to make it known there is nothing between you and your ex to get in the way.

Step 1: Hang out with the group, even after you've told your ex you're no longer interested in dating.

You just had "the talk" and let her down easy. She seemed fine

with the decision, so you suggest getting together sometime soon to stay on friendly terms. Invite her (and some of her tasty friends) out for a happy hour or social function. If that doesn't work, accidentally bump into the group at one of their hangouts. Talk to her first and show the group you're a good guy.

Step 2: Don't zone in on a target too soon.

The ex-girlfriend might be fine with the way things turned out, but if she sees you hitting on one of her friends too early, she'll pick you off in the middle of your flight pattern and gun you down to the target in private. Spread out the mingling and flirting among the entire group. Always go back and talk to her in between.

Step 3: Make contact at a later date.

If you've got one friend in mind, remember her name and try to find her online. Yes, it's kind of cyberstalking, but if she thinks you're hot it's called "he's interested." Remember, it's only harassment if you're ugly. If you're into a bunch of her friends, connect to a couple of them online or just accidentally bump into the group another time. Preferably when the original conquest isn't around.

Step 4: Talk her up and talk yourself down.

If her friends ask what happened, be sure to make it seem like she is perfection and you're just not the type of guy she is looking for right now. Women love to hear how wonderful their friends are and when a guy is admittedly an asshole. You'll score major points for cutting it off early and not stringing her along and playing games like all the other guys. You are a good guy. A nice guy. An available, nice, good guy.... Do you see where this is going, or do I really have to keep making it so obvious?

Don't Be a Douche

Only a douche would blow her off and then immediately ask about and hit on her friends.

Get Her to Have Sex on Camera

Sex sometimes gets a little vanilla, so an asshole has to spice things up a little bit. Toys get old, and she never lets you bring anyone else into the bedroom. It's time to take it to the voyeur level. Asshole and his lady make a porno.

The Problem

She barely gets undressed with the lights on. Convincing her to bare it all and do the dirty in front of a flip cam isn't going to be easy. You've got to make it an enjoyable experience and convince her you're actually doing this for the both of you. That's a nice way of saying you've got to trick her.

The 'Hole Truth

Many women are more into voyeurism than they will admit, which could be because they actually don't know yet that they're into it. It's up to you to show them how exciting and sexually exhilarating a camera can be while you're deep in the throes of sextasy. Lights, camera, get nude!

Step 1: Show her how many celebs do it.

Kim Kardashian. Paris Hilton. Screech from *Saved by the Bell*. Many famous celebs have bared all in front of the camera and come out on the other end even more popular. That's not saying she's going to get her own reality show out of this deal, but it proves that even famous people with much more to lose have done the dirty in front of a flip cam.

Step 2: Show her all the terribly unattractive people who do it.

Take her on an online tour of all the ugly people posing naked for the entire world. It's kind of disturbing how many ugly people have sex on cam and slap it on the internet. If they can show off their flab and small donkey kongs to millions of strangers, she can at least get naked for a video to be enjoyed as a couple. On a side note: Ugly people, please stop posing nude and putting it online. That is all.

Step 3: Start small—with pictures.

Fine, so she won't go all Jenna Jameson the first time around. Baby steps, asshole. Get her to pose for a few naughty pictures. It will loosen her up and might even get her excited for the video idea. Show her the pics and tell her how great she looks. Feel free to airbrush if necessary.

Step 4: Assure her it's for your eyes only.

Part of her trepidation is the fear that, should things go wrong in the relationship, her naked ass will end up all over the internet, on T-shirts, and sold to the *Girls Gone Wild* franchise. Assure her that no one will ever see these photos or vids, and promise her you won't even mention it to friends. Seriously, erase all of it. Even your screen saver. Wait, email over that pic first. Okay, now delete it.

Don't Be a Douche

Don't just grab a camera one night and start filming. It will turn her off to the idea immediately because she hasn't even had a chance to think about it. And don't ever do it without her consent. It's pretty illegal.



Tell Her You Might Have Given Her an STD

You've had your fun in the sack over the years and it shows from the notches on your bedpost and the bumps on your bologna. You finally got it checked out, and while the dinky will live to doink another day, you do have something that will involve ointments or pills to control the spread.

The Problem

If you are single or not in a sexual relationship at the moment, you could probably just sit on the bench for a little while until you're 100 percent. Unfortunately, you're steadily dunking the love muscle into her and she probably should get checked out as well. The doctor isn't going to break the news to her. It's up to you.

The 'Hole Truth

Sitting a woman down to tell her you've given her something grody in her grass isn't an easy conversation. It's probably best to avoid it at all cost, but the topic might come up should she have a flare-up or find your bottle of pills in the medicine cabinet. You have several options regarding how you handle the situation.

Option 1: It was that other bitch.

If you come right out and say you've got the ball bumps, her first thought is, *This dude is dirtier than I thought*, and the blame is all on your balls ... shoulders ... whichever. If you place the blame on the women in your past, then the first thought in her head is, *Oh, that chick was dirty, too bad she gave it to him, too*, and you seem like just an unlucky casualty. This works great if she already hates your ex. Tell her she was in contact and told you about the issue, so you went to have it checked out.

Option 2: Blame her.

Tell her you've got something and it must have come from her because you've been especially careful for several years. You even wrapped it with girlfriends until they did a test to prove they were cleaner than a newborn's taint. It must be one of her man-whore ex-boyfriends that gave it to her and now you have it.

Option 3: Ignore it until it goes away.

Let the meds do their job and wait for the infection to clear up. It's going to be hard to avoid sex, so you're going to have to start doing some creative fibbing. "I'd love to have sex tonight, but I just got done boinking your sister." Good deflection. It doesn't matter anyway; you've got to break it off with her because she's got it and you don't want it again. Also, avoid the breakup sex. She is diseased, remember?

Don't Be a Douche

If you meet a new chick before the infection is in deflection, wait it out. Only a douche would knowingly spread that shit. ☹️



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You have something that will involve ointments or pills to control the spread, and she should get checked out. The doctor isn't going to break the news. It's up to you.



67



EUPHEMISMS FOR MASTURBATION

In which we add to the rich and infinite lexicon of terms for hitchhiking under the big top.

By Drew Magary • Illustrations by Cliff Mott

1. Butter your belt
2. Hold your mayo
3. Pull your jet out of its tailspin
4. Drizzle some aioli
5. Help yourself to yourself
6. Blow your cocknose
7. Roll your quarters
8. Make whitefish salad
9. Hit the diving board
10. Add a side of tartar sauce
11. Take the old bastard sword out of its scabbard
12. "Time for Zeus to make some white lightning"

13. Go for the submission hold



W

hen I was younger, I went to see the late George Carlin perform at the Warner Theatre in Torrington, Connecticut. One of Carlin's signature bits was to bust out a very long and extensive list of euphemisms for various body parts and sex acts, all arranged neatly by category. Carlin was a very fastidious man when it came to cursing.

We Torrington folk were treated to a small sample from the male-masturbation category of Carlin's list (go to GeorgeCarlin.com to see them all). Needless to say, the man's knack for sexual metaphors was, and remains, unrivaled in the history of masturbatory lexicography. Carlin was Urban Dictionary before Urban Dictionary was Urban Dictionary. I distinctly remember a handful of Carlin's names for jacking off, particularly, "choke the sheriff and wait for the posse to come" and "hitchhiking under the big top," which is genius on more levels than I can count.

I don't know why talking about masturbation delights me so. Perhaps it's because it gives me something to do between bouts of aggressively masturbating. If you're holding this magazine, you clearly know a thing or two about onanism. I find talking about jacking it funny because flogging the dolphin is something done in solitude (or in the company of a watchful intern), yet we *all* do it. It's at once universal and terribly isolating. It's also funny as shit.

So, with that in mind, let's channel our inner Carlin and deliver 67 brand (spanking?) new euphemisms for choking the chicken, beating the bishop, strangling the snail, and what have you. For when it comes to whacking off, the possibilities never end.

14. Spread your seed
15. Visit the stallion ranch and make some glue
16. Mark your territory
17. Dress the salad
18. Cradle your stick
19. Water your pants
20. Make some soft-serve
21. Cast your rod

22. Shoot your web

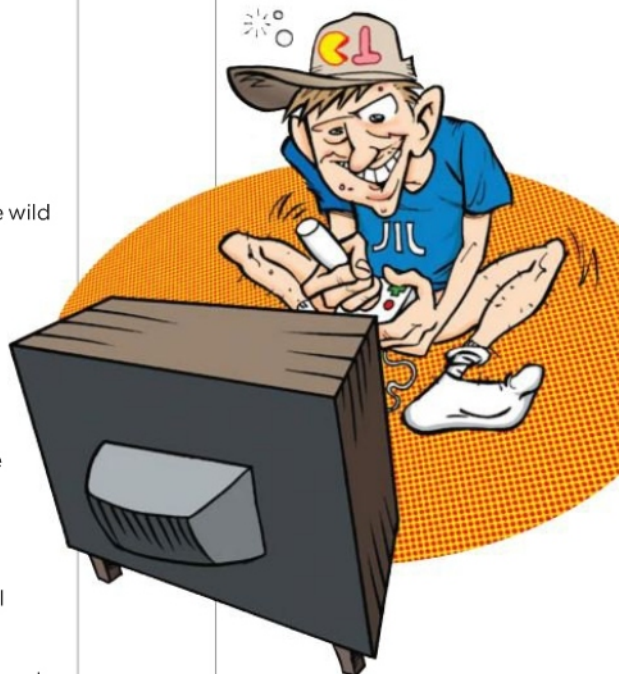


23. Feed the beast
24. Hanj it over
25. Call in a fire and grab the extinguisher
26. Paint the fence
27. Make some mead
28. Make toad babies
29. Make man-aise
30. Stir the cauldron
31. Fly your broomstick
32. Release White Fang into the wild
33. Brandish your PR-24 and interrogate the prisoner
34. Bend some steel
35. Milk the bull
36. Throw out some zingers
37. Ice the cupcake
38. Make a visit to Dr. Claw
39. Inflate the zeppelin
40. "This little piggy went to the creamery"
41. Watch mind porn
42. Summon the genie
43. Fly your kite
44. Show everyone who the real alpha dog is
45. Bruise the cucumber
46. Bat the tetherball 'round the pole
47. Raise your mast
48. Tune your instrument
49. Play guitar with your whammy

bar (Remember whammy bars? No one ever uses those anymore.)

50. Plump your frank
51. Goliath vs. the Gang of Five
52. Raise the monolith
53. Charm the cobra
54. Direct traffic
55. Spread some cheer
56. Nuke the Kleenex
57. Scotchgard the sheets
58. Bury the hatchet
59. Join General William TeCUMseh Sperman at Bull Run and march with him to the Semen
60. Drain the bacon fat
61. Fill the Oreo
62. Spray your cheese
63. Freeze your rope
64. Light your saber

65. Bust your joystick (I once had an old Atari joystick. It had a rubber cover you pulled off, revealing a thin, white plastic stick underneath. I then chewed on this stick. You can't tell me this wasn't latent homosexual behavior.)



66. Visit Willy Wanka's white chocolate factory
67. Jam the radar

BEFORE THE JERK, THERE WAS THE RUB

Revisit your pre-spank days with some good old-fashioned frottage.

Before I knew how to jerk off, indeed before I even knew what jerking off was, I spent a great deal of time rubbing my penis against various objects. When you're 11 and terribly innocent, you rub your penis against things for reasons you don't understand. All you know is that it feels good. Do you feel like you've lost a little bit of that lovin' feelin' when spending quality time with yourself these days? Don't despair. Why not relive the good old days of puberty by switching up to rubbing against things? This is also known as frottage, and it's a delight. Try rubbing yourself against the following items:

- SHEETS
- BEDPOSTS
- WATER JETS
- RUNNING VACUUMS
- FELLOW SUBWAY PASSENGERS
(Note: Not actually legal. Do not attempt.)
- MATTRESSES
- FLOORS
- WALLS
- DRAPES
- COUCH ARMRESTS
- CONCRETE PILLARS IN YOUR LOCAL PARKING GARAGE
- THE DOG

5 THINGS TO SAY WHEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Don't think it couldn't happen to you—be prepared!

Ever been caught masturbating? I have. Suffice it to say, being caught stuffing your cabbage is among the most mortifying things that can ever happen to a person. But it doesn't have to be that way. Did you forget to lock the door to the bathroom? Is Grandma on her way upstairs? Here are five things to say that will diffuse the awkwardness:

5. "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! DON'T YOU SEE THERE'S A FUCKING FIRE?! FIAHHH!!!"
4. "Okay. Who the hell left this thing just lying out?"
3. "Does this mole look suspicious to you? I'm deeply concerned about it."
2. "Did you know penises could do this? I had no idea."
1. "The other bathroom is that way" [point with erect penis]. ☹️➡️



INCOGNITO WITH THE GUIDOS

In the late eighties, guidos had a stronghold at my high school. When they began popping up on YouTube and MTV's Jersey Shore, I was surprised they still existed. But are these guidos different? There's only one way to find out: I have to go back to New Jersey.

By Colleen Kane • Illustration by Damian DeMartino

■ THE HISTORY

The guido was king in the New York metropolitan area in the mid to late eighties. Some say the term came from the man's name "Guido" (aka "Guy"), but it might derive from the Italian verb *guidare*, "to drive." Although many self-identify as guidos, numerous Italian-American organizations consider the term a slur.

The eighties generation of guidos wore tapered Z. Cavaricci trousers or Skidz, which are pajamalike pants in screaming neon patterns; they piled on heavy gold jewelry with cross pendants. The males left wakes of Drakkar Noir and Rave No. 3 hair spray, while females left behind traces of Obsession or the grape scent of Aussie Sprunch Spray.

On the gents, hair was either gelled and spiked up (variation: the spiked mullet) or slicked back like the Reagan/Bush Sr.-era version of Brylcreemed hoods. Think Michael Douglas in *Wall Street*. Guidette faces were framed by never-before-achieved shrubberies of permed curls and straight bangs that were shellacked with enough Aqua Net to ensure that having a smoke in the ladies' room could end in a trip to the burn unit.

Fast-forward a few presidents: Guido men wear undersized

Ed Hardy T-shirts and aren't afraid to manscape (waxed brows and body hair, blown-out hairdos). Guidettes' hair is now straight and frequently flat, but today's guidos still go big in other ways—like tanning. Due to the popularity of various sunless-tanning methods, guidos and guidettes have turned orange.

For this mission, then, I will walk among them in orangeface.

Before I decided to infiltrate the habitat of the twenty-first-century guido, I hadn't considered the breed in years. I had a few questions, though: How similar were they to their predecessors? Could I ever pass as a guidette? How quickly would I run screaming from their midst?

As a former teenage metalhead, I was ill-prepared to carry this out alone. I enlisted the help of my longtime friend Michelle, who, back in high school, was a hybrid of metalhead and guido with a legendary platinum-blond wall of hair. My guid-ian angel suggested the notorious hot spot D'Jais in the New Jersey shore town of Belmar, describing it as a "clusterfuck of morons."

D'Jais it is.

■ THE PREP, PART 1: Catching Up With the OGs

Michelle picks me up in Brooklyn on a Saturday morning, Sirius tuned to the dance station Area instead of her standby, Hair Nation. As we head down the Garden State Parkway, she reminisces about the original guido days, a time before smartphones and the internet that sounds almost quaint. Almost.

Guidos had a simple pecking order. "That whole culture was more on top of more," Michelle explains. "With gold chains, more was better. The higher the chicks' hair, the better they were. And the less clothing they wore, the more attention they got."

For guys, it was all about muscles: "If you were the biggest and most ripped, you were head guido, the undeniable hot stud. When I went out with my musclehead friend, they'd look at him like, *Oh, wow*, then look at me. A girl's hotness was tied to the guido she was with. That's where hooking up came in. If you were with the hottest guy, they would want to take you from him." (Indeed, one T-shirt sold on the website NJGuido.com declares its wearer a "girlfriend-stealing machine.")

In the pursuit of getting laid, cruising the strip was crucial. The mother of all strips was at Seaside Heights on the Jersey shore, where speaker boxes boomed from the trunks of Camaros, Trans

sees the new guidos' attitudes as a Gen Y thing: "They're very focused on image, on 'How can it benefit me?' as opposed to 'Let me do this because I like this style.'" Kaestner has nothing but warm feelings for his past. "When I go out and deejay now," he says, "it brings me back to that place where I have such good memories, to the guido I was when I was 17. Being a guido was the best time of my life. However, I look at the clothes and I go, 'What the hell was I wearing?'"

■ THE PREP, PART 2: Puttin' on the Titz

My guidette transformation begins the day before our outing. I coat my ghostly Irish skin with the invisible mist of a spray tanner, then wait for color to develop within the hour as promised. Nothing. I reapply. By early afternoon, I have no new pigment, except that my feet are now orangey-brown in contrast to the white stalks of my legs.

Next I try a self-tanning cream, and over the following hours I slather on more layers of the lotion.

Buying clubwear is a cinch, thanks to a local chain store dealing in skimpy, flashy clothes. I find a black minidress with a plunging neckline in a louder pattern than I'd normally wear, then get shiny

My guid-ian angel suggested a Jersey-shore hot spot, describing it as a "clusterfuck of morons."

Ams, and IROCs—or "Italian Retards Out Cruising," according to Michelle's friend Jorge Talavera, now a 36-year-old landscaper, who is Italian and Spanish. Talavera used to wash his car on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays before cruising. "A guido takes care of himself and takes care of everything he owns," he says. (One of the first nails in the coffin for the original guido era, besides aging, came in the nineties, when authorities cracked down on cruising throughout New Jersey.)

As with any subculture, the old guard claims they did it better than kids today. "They're making us look like jerks," says Talavera. "They're out of their minds." Anthony Moussa, a computer consultant and the 31-year-old founder of the website NJGuido.com (now known as NLSociety.com), tells me, "OGs [original guidos] grew up going to the Jersey shore from childhood. They weren't cast like these kids [on *Jersey Shore*] who know nothing about the lifestyle. Real guidos were influenced by their families, house music, and nightlife, not by rap songs." Referencing the TV show's portrayal of violence, he adds, "That isn't the guido lifestyle. It's a poor upbringing. One thing a good old Italian guido family will teach you is respect for women."

Women who lived through those old days might have less glowing memories of certain OGs. Michelle recalls being blasted in her wall of hair by a guy with a Super Soaker; another guy yelling, "Eat a salad!" at a thick girl as she walked along the strip; the time in the Surf Club parking lot when a group of guys told one of her friends what a piece of shit car she had; a sanitation worker from Staten Island who asked another friend if he could finger her behind the bar. And then there was the guy who wanted to buy Michelle lingerie but told her he wished her body was more like that of one of her friends.

Glenn Kaestner, a 37-year-old deejay and account executive,

black stripper heels. A friend texts to ask if I've plucked the hell out of my eyebrows and gotten a manicure. *Crap!* More tasks! The guidette look has many steps I haven't considered, and brings to mind that famous Dolly Parton quote, "You'd be surprised how much it costs to look this cheap."

By midnight, my feet have ripened into a tie-dyed combo of the shades terra-cotta and dirty. The rest of me is tan-ish, in an uneven and barely detectable way. I realize even before hitting the club that the guidette look can't be attained without investing money and time at the gym and salons. It's not a costume you can whip up in a day, especially when you're starting out with legs the hue of a corpse. Guido is a freakin' lifestyle, okay?

■ LADIES' NIGHT

Michelle struts into D'Jais, grinning, arms splayed out: "I'm *baaack!* Hahahaha!" No one notices, because at just shy of 7 P.M., D'Jais is already half-full, with a dance floor more packed than any I've seen before in person. Witnessing the roiling mass of muscular bronze flesh, dark hair, and tight T-shirts upon entry is like trying not to stare at the sun. I have to look down for a moment, get my bearings, then ease my way in.

First stop is the dance floor, which is instantly fun. The primal



The notorious hot spot D'Jais, in the Jersey shore town of Belmar.



Our intrepid reporter is caught orange-handed, thanks to her self-tanner.



The author rocks a pair of Corona novelty sunglasses.

appeal is obvious: a sea of people moving together to the beat. Within seconds, a small fellow is dancing up on Michelle. Less fun is that I sense that, in such crowded quarters, there will be some "accidental" light gropings in my near future. My intuition is correct.

The club is a single-story space with three bars and stages around the perimeter where bouncers perch and drunks dance. Red, green, and white icicle lights and a banner saying VIVA ITALIA hang above the windows overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. Beyond the windows, in the pre-dusk golden hour, waves break on the beach in serene contrast to the club's throbbing action.

With the exception of the integrated dance floor, clubgoers mostly stand in groups of their own gender. If a male and female are talking, it appears one of them is on the make for the other. I begin taking voice memos with my phone.

7:54: Michelle just got cruised by another guy. She made eye contact. He goes, "What you doin', what you doin'." That was his entire game. She flashed her wedding ring and that was over. (We're both wearing our wedding rings.)

7:56: At six feet in these heels, I feel quite tall for the room.

8:06: There is now a line out the door for the men's room.

8:13: I've never been to such a meat market in my life.

Just then, a guy approaches me and asks, "Scale of one to ten, how important is cologne?"

I am so thrown I forget to answer in character. "Um ... not at all?"

He thanks me and departs. I wonder if I just settled a debate or if I spurned him. I am officially terrible at being a guidette.

Meanwhile, Michelle has taken a pretty 22-year-old bespan-gled protégée under her wing, huddling head-to-head with her, laying out the truth about the club scene.

I am mesmerized by the circles of young men who break into dance in turns. The featured dancer will sort of jog/scissor step/kick about in one area while making punchy downward arm movements. It looks like a goof, like a caricature of cocky dancing, or an update of the *Saturday Night Live* "A Night at the Roxbury" sketch, only no one is laughing.

By 9:30, Michelle has attracted so many suitors that we've lost count. Last I overheard, one was reminiscing about his Italian grandmother. I ask to see the novelty Corona-bottle sunglasses a younger dude has clipped to his shirt, and he ignores me. (I realize, after then advising this fellow to fuck off, that in this company I'm cursing more than usual.) Did I violate some unwritten rule by initiating conversation? And why am I so much less

popular than Michelle? Can all of these guidos see through my marbled fake tan?

Later, a buff thirtyish man with a shaved head in an Affliction T-shirt sidles up to me at the bar, wearing his Corona sunglasses. He seems fun because earlier he started up a "USA! USA!" chant, which is the closest thing to joking around that I've observed in this aggression-charged club. Maybe Corona Glasses No. 2 is a tourist, too. He introduces himself, then suggests we go out, so I tell him I'm married. He orders his drink and leaves, then the bartender tells me the guy was sad because "the pretty lady was married."

This lesson came stamped with a DUH: People don't come to a club like this to make friends. They are looking to hook up.

A few hours in, I'm eager to scam, though I still haven't seen any of this generation's famed fist-pumping. They've thrown their hands in the air and jabbed 'em like they just don't care, and yet, a mysterious lack of fists. I have, however, heard plenty of air horn.


10:39: The air horn reminds me of the siren in the movie *Silent Hill*, when everything goes dark, the walls start melting, and those mutant urchins come staggering out of the shadows.

Michelle calls the air horn a call to action, "a guido alert to jump up and down and act like a fool." Perhaps our takes on this phenomenon are clues to our appeal, or lack thereof, with the guido crowd. Maybe mumbling into my iPhone about horror movies makes it clear I'm not a guidette.

10:40: The vibe here is getting way creepier. The word "rapey" has come up more than once when describing our surroundings.

10:54: [Indecipherable nine seconds of thump-thump music ending in syncopated whistles] My voice notes end here, because we are many cocktails into the evening and ready to pass out, which is best done far from D'Jais. As we load into the cab, we witness one final scene: A twentysomething male leans out the passenger window of another departing cab and yells to a fellow clubgoer, "Fuck you, ya fat whore!" then tacks on a C-bomb for good measure.

"Just like I told you," Michelle says, "nothing's changed."

Thank you, New Jersey, and good night! 

OPERATION WELCOME HOME

A small California town makes a big difference as it honors American servicemen and -women with a local tradition that has become a model for other communities.

By Peter Laufer

pick up Corpsman Bradley for a Harley ride from his Danville home to the town hall. Politics are not at play. This is not a Democratic or Republican event, and there is no pro-war or antiwar contingent. "This is not about anyone other than that young man," says the mayor. "We honor him, and we really mean it from the bottom of our hearts. We are proud of our young men and women. It brings people together. It's just a magnificent thing to do and be part of. The kid goes back and says, 'My town truly appreciates what we're doing.'"

"If you remember Vietnam, those guys weren't appreciated, honored, celebrated, recognized at all," says Bryan Welden. He's planting flags around the town-hall grounds and sporting a T-shirt that reads HONOR, DUTY, SACRIFICE. "We want to be sure whoever signs the blank check to serve our country sees that the entire community honors them." Welden is a lanky man, with graying hair and beard. "We want that soldier to take what he saw here back to his buddies

I never expected any of this!" says a beaming Navy Corpsman Kevin Bradley. He's looking out at a multitude of Old Glories waving in the warm breeze, and scores of his friends and neighbors gathered to honor him for his service to his country.

"This" is Operation Welcome Home, a tradition that started in Danville—a San Francisco suburb—soon after the U.S. became involved in wars in Iraq and Afghanistan after 9/11. Whenever a serviceman or -woman returns home—as a discharged veteran or

and tell them, 'You won't believe what a couple of hundred strangers did for me in my town of Danville—from the mayor down to the Girl Scouts.'" The hope, says Welden, is that other communities will create their own versions of Operation Welcome Home.

Danville father Mike Congklin has three sons who served in the military. "It's a huge sense of community pride to do this," says Congklin, echoing his mayor. "It's important that we all accept our responsibility to do good things for these servicemen. Every community can do it. Every community has the power. It all grew out of Danville, and now communities across the Bay Area are doing this."

"I have personal contact with each and every one of them," says

on active-duty home leave—they are feted at the downtown town hall in ceremonies that are organized by volunteers.

"It's overwhelming," was the response of Army Sergeant Jeffrey Briner when he was welcomed home to Danville. "When I'm there," he said about the war in Iraq, "I'm just focused on what we're doing. But it does mean a lot to know that we're supported back home." Army Specialist Patrick Keating was another serviceman officially greeted by Danville when he returned home. "It's really nice the community does this for soldiers," he said. "It makes a big difference knowing that people care about us and what we're doing over there."

Silver-haired Danville mayor Mike Doyle, a smiling veteran wearing his Air Force tie and a Stars and Stripes pin on his suit-coat lapel, considers these welcome-home events one of the most important appointments on his busy calendar. "It's for the kids and their families," he says. Mayor Doyle's

military career goes back to the 1948 Berlin Airlift, so "they're all kids to me," he says about Corpsman Bradley and the other Danville residents now serving in the military. "The community really appreciates the sacrifice. It takes a lot of sacrifice on the parents' part, too, worrying over their child making it home safe and sound."

Veterans line the sidewalk wearing their Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion insignia. Other vets on motorcycles are dispatched to



Warriors' Watch
Rider Jeff Emanuel
(left), Bradley,
and his father

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) BRYAN WELDEN, (RIGHT) JS REYES/ALAMY



down in World War II. "We have strong ties to the Navy. God bless you!"

One after another, plaques and proclamations, medals and memorial coins, are offered to the corpsman, who is a 2007 graduate of Danville's Monte Vista High School. His work as a combat medic in Afghanistan is lauded and his military commendations are cited. Mayor Doyle reads from the Danville proclamation, "Resolved that the Danville town council and the Danville community are privileged to honor United States Navy Corpsman Kevin Patrick Bradley for his display of courage and valor during a most difficult crisis, and are proud to bestow this honor on him today." The mayor's eyes tear, and he says, "Excuse me," as he grabs his handkerchief and turns from the crowd for a moment.

The mood lightens as the offerings continue. Corpsman Bradley is given a flag and a ticket worth \$50 for the Bay Area Rapid Transit District trains to San Francisco. The ceremony ends

"If you remember Vietnam, those guys weren't appreciated ... at all.... We want to be sure whoever signs the blank check to serve our country sees that the entire community honors them."

Rochelle Flotten about the families and servicemen and -women coming home. She is in charge of the logistics for the welcomes. "I get to learn about them and their families, and it's all so very special." What's special is getting the town folk together, she says. "It's the patriotism. It's the fact that we welcome home our residents who are serving in our military, and that we've not forgotten them. The town really supports what they do. We're behind them every step of the way."

"Here they come!" someone yells as the roar of motorcycles grows louder. The lead bike stops in front of the town hall. Corpsman Bradley offers a clenched victory fist in response to the cheers and waves from the crowd, climbs off the Hog, and swaps a sparkling silver motorcycle helmet for his white Navy cap. His smile is shy as he waves back at the crowd.


The mayor lauds the corpsman for the difficult and important job he performs in the service. The Junior Girl Scouts Troop 30957, with U.S. and

California flags, leads the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance. Corpsman Bradley salutes, appearing as if a movie director chose him for the role because of his all-American good looks. After the Pledge, the mayor asks him if he would like to speak.

"I just want to say thank you very much to everyone for coming," he says. "Welcoming me home really means a lot to me. The guys back at my unit are never going to believe this. I think everyone deserves this." He thanks the motorcyclists for the ride downtown—"That really was something. It was awesome"—and then delivers a punch line that elicits laughs and cheers from the audience: "I want a motorcycle—a Harley!"

Next up is Diana Nagy, a Danville resident who introduces her soaring rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" by asking the assembled, "Please join me in a song to honor our hero and our country." After the anthem she tells Corpsman Bradley that her uncle was a Navy flyer, shot

and the crowd cheers again. Bradley's parents watch, looking proud.

"It means everything," says his mother about Operation Welcome Home, as many from the departing audience stop to shake her son's hand or give him a hug. "While Kevin's been gone, morning and night I prayed that he would be safe. Knowing that he was in danger, you have to think about it but then distance yourself from it, otherwise it's too much to bear on a daily basis. For him to come home and for this recognition of his service, it's a very nice feeling." But her relief is tempered. She knows he will likely be sent on another tour to the Afghanistan war theater because corpsmen are in short supply, and he still has three years to go on his contract with the military. "This is a great place to live," she says, looking at the throng as "The Washington Post March" plays. "We feel very blessed that we are part of this wonderful community. I'm happy for the next few months, until his next deployment." 

treasure chest

The lovely Jewels Jade has a queen's ransom of sparkling qualities—as the photos and quotes on these pages prove—and one mystifying desire: As she told us, “If I could change something about myself ... I’m insecure sometimes, short-tempered, and I masturbate too much.” Fortunately, we’ve set no such goal for ourselves. This pictorial makes it impossible to cut down on the latter activity.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





"The most daring thing I've ever done in my life was a double-penetration scene with 13-inch cocks!"







"My favorite fantasy is hot blonde women in plaid skirts and pigtails begging to go down between my legs."



"The biggest turn-on for me is hot women who are into me and my husband. I have no problem being faithful when it comes to men, but I need a hot pussy every once in a while."





♀ JEWELS JADE
FEBRUARY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP



TH





"My favorite vacation spot is Cabo San Lucas. I love it! It's one big party, with good food and beautiful women. My husband and I had an amazing three-way there."





♂ JEWELS JADE
FEBRUARY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:

34D-25-35; 5'4"

I'll admit to being 34, but I'd rather just say I'm old enough to know it all!

Hometown:

San Diego.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

The beach and the awesome weather.

Favorite sports:

I played soccer for 12 years;
weight lifting.

Favorite food:

Sushi, Italian.

Favorite drink:

Sake, vodka.

Favorite TV shows:

*Lockup, Intervention, Mystery
Diagnosis.*

Favorite movies:

Spy movies. I love Jason Bourne!

Favorite music:

All kinds, from Pink to Eminem.

You're always up for:

Oral sex.

You're never up for:

Mean, bitchy people.

Favorite way to relax:

Jacuzzi, yoga, chocolate.

Favorite workout:

One hour of weight training plus 40
minutes of cardio—in the nude!

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Dealer's Choice

This lucky croupier always has an ace in the hole.

As told to Ronnie Koenig



I've been a blackjack dealer at a high-end hotel in Las Vegas for the past five years. I moved out here from L.A. I would be lying if I didn't admit that hooking up with the cocktail waitresses is a fringe benefit of my employment.

Olivia was the first of several cocktail waitresses I dated. Well, "dated" might be the wrong word, since technically we never went out on a date. We had been flirting for a few days when we both happened to go on break at the same time. She's tall with long, straight brown hair and the longest legs I've ever seen. I was totally obsessed with her body and thoughts of fucking her.

We were in the break room together and she was telling me about the terrible night she was having. She made a joke about needing some "oral relief." I told her I could help her out if she was serious.

We went back to her apartment and I made the night totally about her. In her living room, I undressed her slowly until she was standing naked in front of me. When she tried to get me to take off my clothes, I pushed her hands away. I had her lie down on the couch and I kissed my way down the entire length of her long, toned body. Reaching down, I felt between her legs and noticed that she was really wet, which I loved. Putting my mouth on her shaved little pussy, I flicked my tongue at her clit until she came hard, right on my face. "I need you in me," she moaned. Without bothering to undress, I just unzipped my pants and fucked her. When I knew I was about to come, I pulled out and came all over that beautiful pussy.

My other favorite time with a cocktail waitress was with Jana, a gorgeous black girl with short dark hair. She knew it was my fantasy to fuck her in her uniform, so one night she

showed up at my place wearing it. The outfit was flashy, like a one-piece bathing suit with a deep "V" between her breasts. I knew from the stories she had told me about her ex that Jana liked being submissive, so I had her kneel on my bed and I tied her hands loosely behind her back. Taking out my cock, I instructed her to suck it, which she did eagerly.

After a while, I knew that I had to push my cock between those tits. When the tip of my dick hit the soft curves of her bouncy breasts, I was a goner. I pulled the outfit off her, pulled her on top of me, and she bounced on me until I almost came. Turning her over, I pushed her ass cheeks open. Using lots of lube, I entered her ass slowly, so that she could feel every inch of me. Jana's hands were still tied, but I knew she was loving it. Her ass was so tight that I came right inside it, which was a first for me.


One morning during spring break, two twentysomething girls came up to the low-limits table I was working and asked for a blackjack lesson. One of them was short and curvy, and the other was taller and athletic looking, both with beach-blond hair. As I explained the game, they both giggled and flirted with me. They told me that there was a party going on in their room and that I should come. I asked who would be there. They giggled some more and then the tall one said, "Just the two of us." They gave me the name of the hotel and told me to come by when I finished my shift.

When I knocked on the door of

I had to push my cock between those tits. When the tip hit the curves of her bouncy breasts, I was a goner.

their suite, Dee, the short, curvy one, answered with just a towel wrapped around her naked little body. "Emma's in the shower," she said, and I followed her into the bathroom. I walked into the steamy room and saw Emma, wet and naked. Her body was lean and tan and her breasts were very perky and just begging to be licked and squeezed. "Come on," Dee said, dropping her towel. The sight of her huge, natural breasts made my dick hard instantly. I took off my clothes and joined the girls. Emma and Dee stood under the shower, water dripping down their bodies as they made out.

I gently pushed Dee's head down toward my cock as Emma and I kissed. Then Emma got down there, too, and they took turns slurping and sucking me off. When I couldn't take it anymore, I stood them against the glass shower door so their tits were pressed up against it. For a while, I switched back and forth between their pussies, shoving my dick into one while the other waited for me. The girls were touching themselves, and each of them came hard up against the glass. I started jerking my cock fast and I told them I was going to come, and they got down on their knees and opened their mouths. Dee and Emma kissed each other with my come on their tongues.

If my sex life continues like this, there's no way I'm going back to L.A. anytime soon. 

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **Two months ago I began dating a great, sweet guy. We had sex right away and seemed to share the same wants when it came to the bedroom. I was thrilled! But he recently told me that I am "oversexed" and that he's afraid all we have between us is physical. He makes me feel guilty every time I want sex. What gives? Don't guys want sex a lot? What can I do to convince him that we have a great relationship?**

Don't guys want sex a lot? *Hmmm.* Well, yes, we do—just not always with the same person. (That is, if you are talking about guys like me.) Here's the thing. If you have to convince your partner to engage in sexual relations, there may be something else going on in the relationship that you need to look at. I know that I wouldn't be interested in sex with someone I had to "talk into" bed, let alone be interested in potentially feeling guilty about it later. That sounds like a recipe for future resentment and miscommunication, and the way into a dark emotional forest. I suggest you forget about how things started and focus on where they are now. The two of you need to have an open and honest discussion about your needs and desires, with a healthy acknowledgement of each other's boundaries. Nobody likes to feel obligated to "service" their partner, and forcing the issue can backfire, creating a dynamic that can cause the less interested party to become *never*

interested. In some extreme cases, a "cornered" partner feels suffocated and turns elsewhere for sexual release, as if it were a last gasp of fresh air. Be careful, and have the talk.

■ **I cannot have an orgasm with a partner inside me. I can do it myself, with toys or without, and I can come from his hand instead of mine. But I cannot come during intercourse. I have had great sex—one guy even hit my G spot, which totally blew my mind—but, alas, no big finish. Right before the big moment I go numb, sometimes even with oral. Any ideas? And should I tell partners about this? When I have told a guy, it became all about his desire to make me come. The sex became mechanical. But if I don't tell him, how can I ever work on it with someone?**

I don't think I can really help you here, as I have no experience with this. I have been able to make every partner I've ever had climax with little to no effort ... and if you believe that, I'd also like to give you an opportunity to purchase some shares of stock I've been sitting on.

Actually, this is a fairly common issue among women, which is why you may be better off discussing it with a girlfriend or another woman you trust. But since you asked, there are many factors that could be at play. The physical shapes of both you and your partner (for instance, a curved penis is more likely to hit the G spot

than a straight one), positions, and even mental blocks or an inability to let go entirely during sex can cause frustration in the bedroom.

There is also plenty of literature out there about such issues. In fact, let's put it this way: If this weren't common, there wouldn't be so many books published on the subject. Don't feel like a freak. Let yourself off the hook and do the homework. In the meantime, you can always try clitoral stimulation during intercourse with your hand or a toy while your partner is inside you. There's the grinding method, where you stimulate the clitoris during sex on the man's pelvic bone above the penis. During oral, have your partner place his finger(s) inside you as he uses his mouth. Feel free to direct him verbally. Trust me, he'd rather you tell him what to do than fumble around down there forever and accomplish nothing.

In terms of talking about this with a partner, there's no need to make it a heavy issue. Take the attitude that the two of you are on an adventure and have fun trying out all kinds of scenarios. That could bring you closer as lovers, and that in itself could solve the problem. Good luck!

■ **Please settle a dispute. My friend says that if a man's balls have an odor, you should not tell him. You should just not go out again with someone who thinks so little about his hygiene. I think you should mention it as gently as possible, then suggest a shower together before sex.**

Looks like you found a pretty great solution. A shower could be a fun way to freshen up together while keeping egos intact. Boy, do I wish it was that simple for men! We can't really say, "Hey, honey, wouldn't it be fun to go in the bathroom and administer a Summer's Eve together?"

My vote is to tell him or her. Nobody wants their sex life to turn into a test of wills to see who can put up with a partner's lack of hygiene the longest. Even a box of baby wipes by the bed can serve as an emergency solution when necessary. Cater to his ego and say, "Damn, you smell a little too manly, baby. Mind rinsing off?" But be aware that you're giving him the right to say something to you if he needs to. Men have it lucky, as usually their issue is nothing more than a need to clean up. Women have it tougher.



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

Their vaginal odor (or lack thereof) is caused by a variety of reasons: diet and weight, sweat, yeasts, a multitude of microscopic bacteria, pH imbalances, the tightness of their jeans or clothing, their menstrual flow, the type of underwear they wear, wiping back to front instead of front to back... okay, that's enough. Looking at it that way, it's almost hard to believe that men try as hard as they do to get *into* a place like that! In fact, with all you women have to deal with, I say you absolutely have the right to say something to your man if he isn't clean.

■ **My friend says that men are only into the chase and that without it they'll lose interest. How long should I make a man chase me before I give in and go out with him?**

I can only answer this from my perspective, of course. A little chase is fun, but after a while a girl can make a guy work so hard that he gets bored of the game and loses interest. In this day and age, where there are so many ways to meet people, including so many internet sites, too long a chase could land you in the frozen-dessert aisle at two in the morning, searching for that perfect pint of ice cream to eat in front of the TV as you attempt to stuff away the loneliness caused by your own game-playing. Be careful.

I'll chase a girl down the block for sure, but she'd better not try to make me cross the street. More than likely there's another girl standing on the corner who's even more intriguing. If you want to hang out with someone, hang out with him. Life is too short for

all the bullshit so many people put themselves through. Throw away all those books of rules and advice on how to get a man and all that garbage. Those books are basically full of tools of manipulation that cause the reader to behave in a way that is deceptive and ultimately not who she is. Eventually, she will be found out and the man will ask, "Who are you? What happened to the girl I met?" The answer, of course, is, "That girl? She was full of shit and only acted that way because she wanted to trap you and get you locked in. She has no idea who she is so she left it up to some how-to guide to trick you into believing she had life skills." Just be who you are.

■ **Why can't men just have sex and not get attached? Or is it just me?**

Ha-ha! Well, I don't know, really. I think many men have the same question regarding women. The fact of the matter is, people need to discuss this prior to a sexual encounter. I have been told that I am extremely up-front about my lack of interest in relationships, sometimes too up-front, yet I never find myself with this dilemma. If you make your boundaries clear ahead of time, then when the need to reiterate comes up, things will go more smoothly and you can be guilt-free. The idea here is to protect yourself *and* the feelings of your partner.

The only downside is that sometimes people are interested in more than a one-night thing, and stating your intentions could end with you spending the night alone. If your intended partner isn't receptive, you have to respect that. I say, better to spend a night alone than to mislead someone.

What I'm getting at is, if you have this talk before jumping into bed, it's no longer your problem whether or not your partner gets attached. He knew what he was getting into. Let him deal with it.

For the record, many men only obsess about the ones they can't have sex with. It all comes down to whom you are choosing to be intimate with. Things have definitely changed, though. I remember when the only way a woman could get rid of a guy was to fuck him. Then she'd never hear from him again! (Just kidding ... but not really.) ☺

BAR GIRL PI

Most men don't make the mistake of falling in love with a Bangkok hooker. But for those who take the plunge, a quiet New Zealander named Stickman will try to pick up the pieces.

By Michael Kaplan

Bangkok, like no other place on Earth, has long been synonymous with cheap and expert prostitution. So much so that hordes of Western men flock there specifically to gorge on commercial sex. Spend just one night in this appropriately named city, and it's easy to understand both its allure and its traps. Downtown precincts crawl with beguiling working girls, available for a relative pittance, plying their trade as openly as street vendors selling mangos. Seemingly upscale residential streets are often chockablock with clusters of small massage parlors that boast full-service on the menu and bear salacious names like Love Teen and Cherry. Strip clubs routinely offer take-out service, charging customers "bar fines," fees of \$15 or so, if they want to leave with the dancers of their dreams (the charge for sex gets negotiated separately, though the total for an all-nighter is typically less than \$100). In stadium-size operations, such as Beer Garden and the more

intimate Thermae, freelancers—that is, working girls without strip-club or massage-parlor affiliations—solicit men for sex.

Thai hookers dressed in miniskirts smile seductively and promise life-changing orgasms in the gentlest yet dirtiest manner imaginable; the most seductive tend to be expert manipulators—in and out of bed. For some American men, that combination, augmented with a spike of exoticism, can lead to very expensive problems. To find out more about this financial dark side of Thai pleasure, I make my way to a bar called Gulliver's, located on



PHOTOGRAPH BY CRIS HAIGH/ALAMY



a busy side street, central to the city's various red-light districts.

At first glance, Gulliver's looks like a standard-issue Aussie sports pub, complete with generous pours from the barkeep and cricket on the telly. But it's also a chill spot where dozens of working girls spend early evenings and casually hook up with Western clients. At a side-room table, I sit alongside a New Zealander who calls himself Stickman. He has been living in Bangkok for 13 years, knows the scene well, and posts about it on his website, StickmanBangkok.com. Stickman, diminutive and

gray haired, sips a gin and tonic and clearly enjoys the subject we're poised to discuss.

Immediately, he points in the direction of three girls who are huddled around the Gulliver's computer that offers free internet access to customers. The girls are dressed in tight jeans, cropped tops, and heels. You don't need to be Eliot Spitzer to guess what they do for a living. Stickman suggests that I mosey over and take a discreet look at the monitor. One of the girls is logged on to Yahoo. Emails to and from dozens of different, seemingly Western, addresses all bear the same subject line:

"Re: I miss you and I love you."

I report back to Stickman and he nods knowingly. "I wish I had my camera with me," he says. "We're about 20 feet away, but I have a lens that would zoom right in on the emails. Then *click, click, click*. I could have photos of those emails, which most certainly involve money being sent to the girls from men around the world. And surely each man thinks he's the only one. Their money probably comes in through Western Union. I can tell you that if prostitution suddenly ended in this country, Western Union would lose a lot of business."

Though Stickman has enjoyed his share of commercial sex in Thailand, his interest in these girls and what they may be doing goes beyond an aficionado's curiosity. Besides making money from his website, which primarily focuses on the prostitution scene, Stickman works as a private eye, specializing in investigating the country's many thousands of bar girls. He gets hired by their smitten lovers in the West. Along with his friend and sometime partner Mark Prado—a native of Washington, D.C., who's got the gap-toothed smile and facial features of a young Oliver Stone—Stickman usually gets contacted by men who are confused and unsure where to turn. They don't want to blow what feels like the romance of a lifetime—never mind that it's with a prostitute who's half a world away—but they don't want to be played for suckers either.

These men need to understand the relationships they've gotten into, and that requires the kind of information that only money can buy. "When a guy contacts me, typically he left Thailand four to six weeks earlier," explains Stickman, laying out the usual scenario. "While here, he spent a holiday with a working girl and fell in love with her—rarely a good idea. He left her at the airport and gave her anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars in baht. He's got no use for Thai money in America, and it will mean more to the girl than to him, so it's easy to justify giving it to this woman who is so soft, so delicate, and so different from hookers in America. He doesn't realize this as it happens, but Thai hookers go with their customers to the airport specifically because they want the leftover baht."

The hookers also, consciously or not, want to develop a pattern, and exchanging cash at the airport serves as a precedent setter. If the money-giving ended there, that would be fine. It would be nothing more than a big tip for expert services rendered. Usually, though, when a trick is hooked by one of these girls, it doesn't work that way.

"If the guy is interested, and he sees the potential for a long-term relationship, they typically make a deal," continues Stickman. "She will stop working and he will support her. The guy sends \$700 to \$900 per month, and he views it as an investment in their future together. After making the second payment, though, he's back to his life in the West and is starting to get concerned. He wonders when the spending will end, what the payoff will be for him, and whether or not she is holding up her end of the bargain. That's when he contacts me, usually through my site."



Many of the inquiries are starkly straightforward: Is my Thai girlfriend still working in the bars and screwing men for money? After all, the deal is that, in exchange for funding from the Westerner, she will cease doing precisely what intrigued him about her in the first place. Provided with a photo and the bar where she had supposedly stopped working, it's relatively easy for Stickman to see what she's up to. All Stickman needs to do is find the woman and proposition her. If he can't find her,

that's provisionally good news: Maybe she's sticking to the agreement and has ceased working.

But often it's more complicated. "My bread and butter right now seems to be jobs that center around whether or not a client is the only one who's supporting a particular girl," says Stickman, pointing out that a girl who has several guys sending her money can easily make \$5,000 a month, which pays for a very comfortable lifestyle in Bangkok. "Guys want to make sure that they are not being completely taken advantage of, and these girls can be very good at taking advantage."

Robert, a computer programmer from Texas, serves as a case in point (names of all clients and girls have been changed). He met a beguiling, pillow-lipped bar girl named Tan while vacationing in Bangkok, became intrigued, and took her on holiday to the seaside town of Pattaya. There was talk of marriage, and before leaving Bangkok he gave her 40,000 baht (around \$1,300) at the airport, with the promise to send an additional 40,000 baht each month. When he was back in the States, he called frequently and they chatted regularly. He sent the money as promised, and believed that he might have met the woman of his dreams.

Then, after four months, he went through a couple of weeklong periods during which Tan was incommunicado. He wondered what was going on and, before making a fifth payment, contacted Stickman through his website. They agreed to work together, and, for a charge that wound up totaling \$300, Stickman trailed Tan to an internet café where she was scheduled to have an online chat with Robert. "Tan got there and sat down right alongside Stickman," Robert remembers. "He texted me and wrote, 'Guess what, Bob? She's right here, webcamming with another guy, and she hasn't even gotten in touch with you yet.' Apparently this guy was young and handsome, and she was saying all kinds of sexually seductive things to him. Clearly, he was another boyfriend. I nearly died—especially after Stickman sent me his report that she went on to webcam with a third guy after I logged off. Then she signed on to her email account and replied to ten new emails, all from different guys. That was the end of the relationship. Stickman saved me a lot of money and a lot of heartache."

Of course, no working girl will tell Stickman straight up who she's involved with. He needs to do a little social engineering. For instance, he recently approached a targeted woman in a strip-club district known as Soi Cowboy, famous for bars where men get handjobs out in the open and blown as they sip their bottles of Singha. "I bought her lots of drinks, told her that I would not be taking her home or having sex with her in the bar, and spoke with her in Thai," Stickman explains. "Eventually, I got around to telling her, 'You know, I'm friends with this little girl named Noi. She works at Toy Bar [another strip club in the district]. She is very pretty and very smart and I admire her. She's got all these guys on the hook.' Before I knew it, my client's girlfriend told me that she had more than Noi did. I said that I didn't believe her. Within 90 minutes she was showing me bank statements and Western Union receipts. Then I believed her, and I had proof



Sometimes girls just want to have fun, like these ladies, but many Thai bar girls are master manipulators.

to share with my client."

Stickman shakes his head and adds, "It's a matter of pride for these girls. They are proud to be successful."

Ground zero for hooker-hunting in Bangkok is a three-story complex called Nana Entertainment Plaza. It looks like an outdoor shopping mall, but it's a pileup of go-go bars, 40 or so of them, with names like Titty Twister and Lollypop and Casanova, stacked one on top of the other. The place is fronted by a Buddhist shrine where the girls leave offerings of fruit and flowers for their god. Odors of sweat, deep-fried food, cigarettes, and perfume mingle in the air. Even for tourists looking to get off, it's an altogether overwhelming environment: Half-dressed women casually stroll the mezzanines, women in the bars solicit your attention by grinding on your lap, and these working girls possess a collective degree of spunk that just doesn't permeate the American sex trade. Factor in rock-bottom prices for alluring, twentysomething hookers who satisfy every imaginable predilection, and it's easy to see how Western men visiting Bangkok pretty much lose their minds and forget the common sense that normally prevents them from being victimized by overly aggressive gold diggers.

Bangkok's most aggressive hookers realize that the quickest way to a smitten man's wallet is to make him believe that she's pregnant. Mark Prado has recognized more than his fair share of bogus birth certificates, pregnancy reports, and confirmations of gynecology exams. Sometimes, though, the baby is already born and the woman is insisting

One girl was nervy enough to tell a man that he impregnated her—even though they had had sex while she was having her period.

that her American client is the father. When the men need to know for sure, they sign up for the services of Prado.

Ironically, sometimes the men hope that they *are* the fathers. In many instances, they want to move to Thailand and raise beautiful kids with their sexy, young wives. Before taking such a leap, though, they rightfully want to be certain that the baby in question is theirs. "I've had situations where somebody needs a DNA sample of the kid," says Prado, and refers specifically to a case involving an American who owns a chain of retail stores and went to Bangkok on vacation. "Getting a sample is easier than you would think. We find the woman with the baby, and I have one of my lady agents approach her. She says how cute the baby is and asks if she can hold the baby—in Thailand, unlike in America, that's nothing unusual. While cradling the baby, our lady agent very quickly takes a sample from inside the baby's mouth. We use cotton swabs and rubber gloves so as not to corrupt the DNA." It might sound over the top, but, as Prado is quick to point out, "Guys really get swindled for a lot of money in terms of pregnancies."

Other times, it's not even clear if the woman is truly pregnant. One girl was nervy enough to tell

client and she chased me down the block, hoping to get at least that one last payment."

Gnarly as those situations sound, they're not so bad when you consider the degree to which things can run amok. Prado, for instance, had a client who would have been happy to be out only thousands of dollars. This particular victim, a consultant in the Mediterranean, had the misfortune of becoming emotionally committed to a prostitute who had no scruples at all. She wasn't merely trying to take advantage, she was out to take everything. It began with photos of her in which she appeared to be pregnant. "Then she convinced him that she needed seven million baht [about \$230,000] to start a business and buy a town house for her and their baby," recounts Prado. "She sent him agreements and documents, showing that the house had been purchased. There were all kinds of messages and communications from her, and then one day she just disappeared."

Fearing that this woman and their baby-to-be had been harmed, the guy went to Prado with the intention of confirming her whereabouts and safety. "Instead, we looked at the documents and were able to prove that they were fake," Prado says. "There was no baby, no house; nothing about this



Many of the inquiries are starkly straightforward: Is my Thai girlfriend still working in the bars and screwing men for money?

Robert that he impregnated her—even though they had had sex while she was having her period. Stickman offers up what he calls "a classic," which involved a call from a man in Melbourne who wanted to know whether or not the girl of his dreams was with child. The man had a phone number but no address for his potential beloved, so Stickman had to get resourceful. After hearing that her monthly stipends were sent via Western Union, he came up with an idea. "I told him to call the girl and tell her that he's going to have a friend bring the money this time, in order to save on Western Union fees," remembers Stickman. "He gave me her phone number, sent me my fee, and I called her to say that I'd be bringing the money."

After all the duplicity that he's witnessed in this world, Stickman was not completely surprised by the hooker's appearance. "She was the slimmest Thai girl you've ever seen," he says. "I said to her, 'You're not pregnant.' She told me that she just came back from the doctor, that the doctor gave her an injection in the knee, and the baby popped right out. I told this girl that she wasn't getting any more money from my

woman was real. Her true address was totally drug-infested. The guy was completely crushed, just crying his eyes out. Ultimately, though, he talked about hiring a lawyer to try getting his money back. I advised him that his evidence wouldn't hold up, but, at his request, I steered him toward a reputable attorney. Not long after, though, this woman turned up on the front page of a Thai newspaper. [She was accused of murder.] She had drugged and robbed a customer, but administered too high a dose."

Though prostitutes comprise only a tiny percentage of the population in Bangkok, when seen through the eyes of an American, the city can seem to be filled with nothing but hookers. Needless to say, most of them are not murderous thieves, and sometimes there are happy endings.

Such was the case for Tom, a military contractor who worked in the Middle East. He met a Bangkok bar hostess who swore she did not have sex with men for money. Indeed, she did not charge Tom, but she did tell him that in order for her to get out of the business, which he did not approve of, he



would need to send \$1,500 per month to cover her living expenses, her schooling, and support for her family. Before taking the plunge, Tom hired Prado to check her out. "Mark went to the bar, got into an intense conversation with her, and made it clear that he wanted to take her home for sex," says Tom. "She said no. Then he asked for her number. She wouldn't give it to Mark, but she took his and never called him. Mark sent me an extremely detailed write-up, telling me that she is definitely a high-maintenance girl—which I already knew—but that she is not a prostitute. He suggested that I do what I could to get her out of the industry as quickly as possible. I did. I'm sending her the money every month, and I am committed to marrying her in the near future."

Stickman estimates that 15 percent of his cases conclude with good news, 60 percent of the time he uncovers much of the bad stuff that the client had feared, and 25 percent fall into a gray area. "Those girls are kind of in the game," he says. "They work part-time and still have one foot in the bar world—even though sometimes they are trying to honor the agreement. You have to look at it from her perspective as well. She's been living her life as she pleases, then she meets an American guy who expects her to stay home and stay away from the bars. That's difficult for her to do."

Even harder might be making the relationship work. A Swiss hotelier who runs a nice place by the bars tells me, "Before getting seriously involved, you need to recognize that you're going to be with a girl who's fucked thousands of men. She may be shrewd when it comes to money, but culturally she has the mind of a child. She can't talk

about wine or books or movies or food. Everything revolves around the bars and the men she's been with. How many times do you want to hear about the guy who has the biggest cock she's ever seen?"

Cultural differences aside, discovering a girl's dishonesty before things go too far can be a blessing. Stickman and Prado often advise their clients to keep things in perspective and view the girls as flings rather than life partners. "There's a lot of counseling in this line of work," Prado explains. "I spend an awful lot of time on the phone talking to my guys, trying to help them reach the right decisions—especially when they talk about leaving their Western

wives for Thai bar girls. I remind them that these women can keep things up for a week or two—the usual duration of an American's vacation in Thailand—"but eventually you'll discover how she really is. And you might not like the truth."

If guys remain unconvinced, Prado might break out a cautionary tale about one client, a European oil man working in Saudi Arabia, who intended to marry a Thai bar girl and planned on relocating her to the Middle East. "She told him that there was a million-baht dowry [almost \$33,000] he had to pay," explains Prado. "The guy was fine with it. He got the million baht together, and presented it at their wedding in her village. Everyone, including him, got very drunk."

Acknowledging the possibility that the guy might have been drugged as well, Prado continues, "He woke up the next morning and didn't know where he was. Then he was driven to a central city and told to get on the next bus to Bangkok. He came to me and asked me to find this woman he married. I told him he'd been set up, but I had an agent inquire at the bars, and we were told that she was gone. He wanted to go to the village and try to get his money back. I talked him out of it. That amount of baht can have a major impact on a small Thai village. Everyone there was in on it. Nothing good would come from his returning there."

As night encroaches, and the whoring scene in Gulliver's begins to heat up, Prado rolls his eyes and adds, "Things like this go down more often than you imagine. If you're going to get really involved with a bar girl, you better think about it. Nobody falls in love here and expects a problem. But sometimes that's exactly what you get." —



A FABULOUS FATE ACCOMPLI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

We continue our tribute to *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione with this pictorial of February 1982 Pet of the Month DiVina Celeste. DiVina had been spotted modeling at a charity luncheon at a Baltimore hotel by Kathy Keeton, the company's vice chairman (and later Bob's wife). DiVina told us, "I was doing a girlfriend a favor by taking her place that day, and fate smiled on me. I tell fortunes with tarot cards, and Kathy's discovery was a fabulous *fate accompli*!"





"I may not be a brain surgeon," DiVina said, "but I'm a pretty smooth operator." She was also a pretty efficient worker, doubling as business manager for the modeling agency that employed her.







DiVina had been a professional ballroom-dancing instructor for several years, something she'd continued to do on a freelance basis. "Needless to say," Bob said, "her dance card is always full."



"It's embarrassing to admit these days," DiVina confided, "but I met my present mate when I was just 16, and I've never once been unfaithful." Luckily, Bob was undaunted by her modesty.







TOP DOWN

By Jennifer Peters

We've seen topless waitresses and baristas, so we knew it was only a matter of time before others in the service industry took part in the bare-breasts trend. The latest business to go the adults-only route? A hair salon in Australia. For a mere \$60, men in Sydney can get a haircut and scalp massage from one of the sexy, topless hairdressers at Hot Cuts. And while men are the primary customers, the women of Sydney are also curious about the shop. As client Hectir told a reporter for Australia's Ten News, "[My wife's] the one who actually told me to come and look at [the shop]."

The salon offers clients not only nearly nude stylists—a draw all on its own—but complimentary drinks and entertainment on a flat-screen TV. It's no wonder that after being open only two days, the salon was booked solid, and the owner was already considering adding to her staff of four.

As its website promises, Hot Cuts is "a place where you can get a cut, style, wash, or colour whilst watching a beautiful hairdresser at work with her gorgeous assets out on show." We're willing to bet there's not a man living Down Under who won't find himself in need of a haircut very soon.



GOING NUTS

Here's something David Attenborough forgot to cover in his last wildlife documentary: Squirrels masturbate by blowing themselves! At least according to Jane Waterman, who spent 2,000 hours studying wild squirrels in Namibia. (Suddenly we don't feel so bad about our porn addiction.) The oral masturbation comes as no surprise, given Cape ground squirrels have a scrotum that's 20 percent of their body length (excluding the tail), and a penis that's more than twice that length. And any creature capable of blowing itself probably will—all day long.

Waterman recorded one male squirrel in particular, "with head lowered and an erect penis in his mouth, being stimulated with both mouth (fellatio) and forepaws (masturbation), while the lower torso moved forward and backwards in thrusting motions, finally culminating in an apparent ejaculation, after which the male appeared to consume the ejaculate."

What she wanted to know was why, with so many hot girl squirrels out there, are the males jacking themselves silly? Her first theory—that they're horny—flew out the window when she noticed that males who got a lot of action masturbated *more* than ones who didn't. Another theory—they do it to flush out useless sperm and make room for fertile sperm—was also disproved by the fact that they often spank it *after* sex. Finally, she concluded that they do it to reduce their chance of infection. By masturbating, squirrels get cleaner genitals two ways: Their quick little hands clean the outside while the ejaculation flushes the insides. Our own theory: They do it so humans can make endless nut jokes.

Case in point: A judge in the hilariously named town of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, was recently cited for allegedly approaching women near the state capitol and passing out acorns he had hollered out and stuffed with condoms. Isaac H. Stoltzfus, 58, a magisterial district judge for more than 19 years, told police the acorns were meant to be a gag, officials said. But instead of getting laughs, the judge got slapped with one count of disorderly conduct. We're guessing Intercourse makes people go nuts!

—Reverend Jen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) RED WASH/SPRASH NEWS (WINS), WATER CORREX, AND ANDREW MAJCHUK/REUTERS, JON KOPALOFF/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES



BABABUOY

If only the Russian mystic Rasputin had been in possession of an inflatable sex doll when he was tossed into that icy St. Petersburg river, the Mad Monk might have lived to piss off even more people.

Almost a century later in the same chilly river basin, the race known as the Bubble Baba Challenge (“baba” means “peasant woman”) is heating things up—sort of. The annual event, now going into its ninth year, sends more than 450 Russian men and women plunging into the frigid and rapidly moving Vuoksa River, about 50 miles northwest of St. Petersburg, with inflatable sex dolls. The late-August race takes

only about three minutes, but considering the water temperature hovers around 40 degrees, combined with the fact that there’s no booze allowed (contestants are tested for alcohol prior to the event), that’s probably long enough for even the heartiest Ruskie.

The 2010 winner was Vladislav Pavlenko, who made it to the finish line in two minutes and 47 seconds, with the help of his special rubber lady friend, Vanilla Pelotki. But the real winners in our dirty book are the “athletes” whose better halves come with such names as Floating Piggy, Baby-Barge, Cuddly Female Raccoon, and Big Tit Excess.—*Sarah Walker*

SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED

James Bond probably never jerks off. Every time the man turns around there’s a beauty slipping out of her cocktail dress and into the sack with him. In real life, we can assume that British secret agents jerk off just like normal people, only they sometimes do so in the line of duty, as revealed in Keith Jeffery’s *M16: The History of the Secret Intelligence Service, 1909–1949*.

Jeffery reveals that “C”—Mansfield Cumming, first chief of the Secret Intelligence Service and the inspiration for Ian Fleming’s “M”—was obsessed with finding the ideal invisible ink for his spies’ secret correspondence. It was in 1915, during World War I, that Cumming was told by one of his researchers that semen fit the bill: easily available, wouldn’t leave telltale marks on the paper, didn’t develop under heat, wouldn’t react with iodine or the usual developers, etc.

Cumming immediately ordered the discovery to be put into effect, with some unintended consequences. The researcher who had made the discovery, after being mercilessly teased by his colleagues, had to be transferred to a different department. Another agent had to be told that a “new operation” was necessary for each invisible message, as he apparently stockpiled his secret ink until it acquired an unpleasant odor.

All of this would put James Bond in a difficult position—a man’s only got so much spunk to go around, and Bond is a hot commodity. Small wonder he’s always falling out of touch with headquarters.—*Coral Vincent* ☐

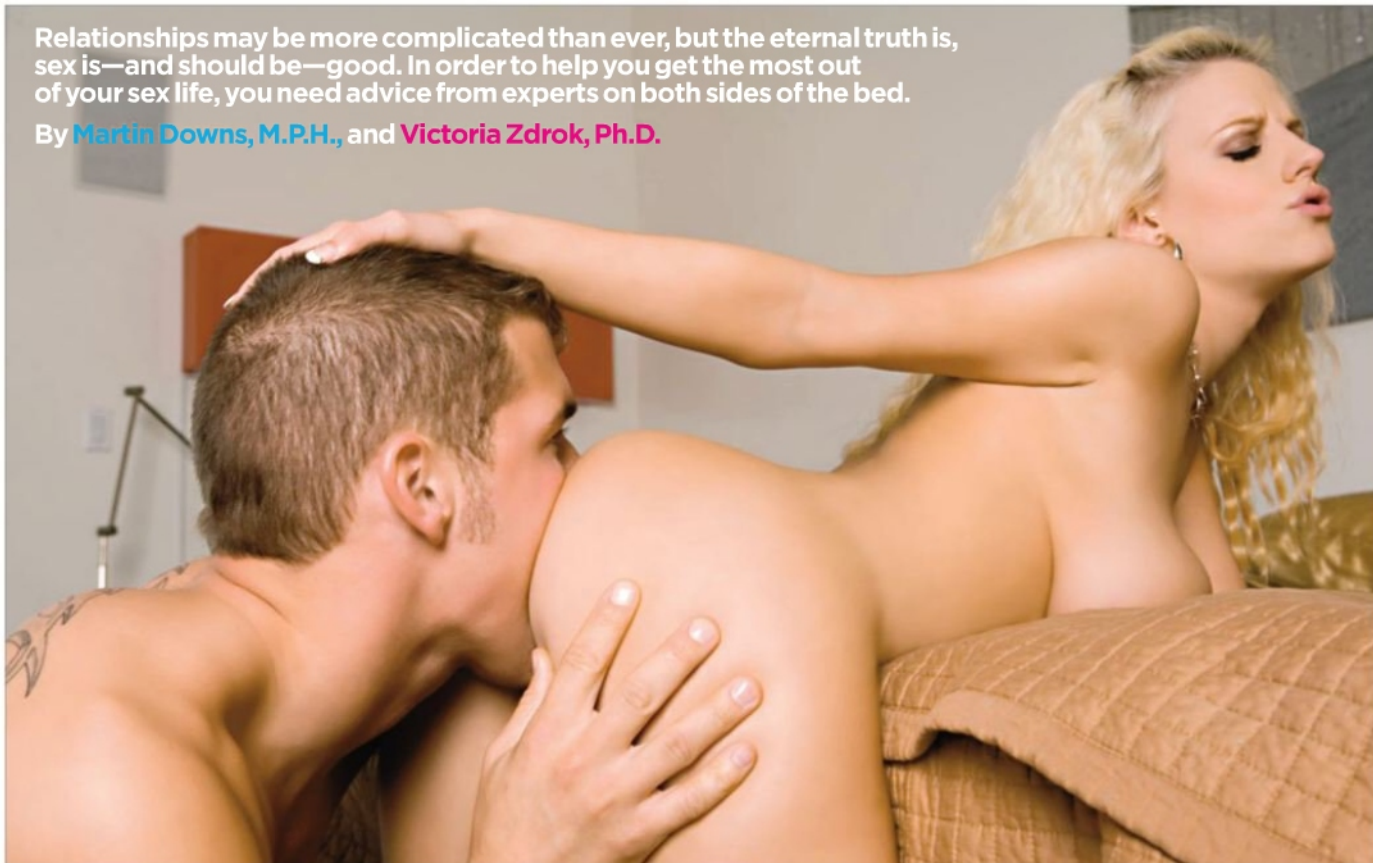


“I DON’T HAVE A SEX TAPE AND I’M KINDA UPSET THAT I DON’T ... BECAUSE I’M REALLY GOOD.”—JENNY MCCARTHY

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By **Martin Downs, M.P.H.**, and **Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.**



RIM SHOT

I'm basically a butt man. What I really love is rimming, but I've found that not all women are comfortable with this form of anal play. I always suggest a shower first, and I'm not trying to ream them, so why are most women so reluctant to let me do this?

The Downs side: Quite simply, many people think the anus is filthy, and they're revolted by the thought of licking it. Some have such strong feelings of disgust about the anus that getting rimmed is as much a turnoff as the idea of rimming someone else.

Since you're talking about women, plural, I'll assume that these are casual encounters. Consider that you're asking to get intimate with what a woman might view as the most unlovely part of her body. She might be embarrassed about exposing her pooper to a new partner. And if she's inexperienced with anal play, she might worry about how her butt smells, or that she'll accidentally fart in your face.

What's more, she might not trust you. How does she know that you won't go from eating her ass to eating her pussy, or if you'll kiss her on her mouth fresh from Frenching her buttock?

There's reason for concern. Going from rimming to cunnilingus could give her a vaginal or urinary tract infection by spreading intestinal bacteria, namely *E. coli*. She probably wouldn't get sick from a kiss tinged with her own butt germs, but if she's grossed out by assholes in general, it might still make her retch.

Digestive diseases should concern you, the promiscuous butt-licker. Even if she showers first, the delectable folds of her anus can harbor various intestinal parasites and bacteria that can give you gastroenteritis—also known as the stomach flu, food poisoning, or traveler's diarrhea. You could pick up viruses like hepatitis

A, human papillomavirus (HPV), and herpes from unprotected rimming as well.

To protect yourself, you might try using a sheet of plastic wrap or a cut-open latex condom as a barrier. Spread some lube on the anus, stretch the sheet over it, and do your thing.

If the health risks are unacceptable to you, and yet you can't live without bareback ass-licking, you might want to consider settling down. Monogamous couples that have been together for a long time don't have as much to worry about, since they tend to be populated by the same intestinal bugs. Nevertheless, if one has recently suffered a bout of raging diarrhea, both partners would be wise to keep their mouths above the belt for a while.

The Pet doctor: You're right in thinking that many women are not comfortable with oral-anal sex play. After all, the anus is an exit hole, and stuff that exits out of it ain't pretty. Moreover, the stuff is laden with bacteria, which can wreak havoc if it gets in the stomach (*E. coli*, anyone?). And no matter how well you wash, there's always a possibility of some leftover brown matter in the crevices, or of some escaping during an inopportune fart. In addition, some women may have bothersome anal cracks or hemorrhoids—or just don't feel like shaving their butt hole. Besides, I don't think most women find rimming as pleasurable as cunnilingus, and would prefer that you put your tongue to use on their clits. I personally don't mind rimming—but don't ask me to reciprocate, and don't kiss me afterward unless you brush your teeth and rinse with mouthwash! That said, I am a firm believer that there is a lid for every pot—and there have to be quite a few women out there who love being rimmed. Seek and ye shall find.



■ RUBBER MAID

I have nothing against wearing condoms, but I recently heard about a new female condom. Is it on the market yet? Will it be sold in vending machines?

The Downs side: The Chicago-based Female Health Company, maker of the original female condom, introduced its second-generation model, the FC2, in early 2009. Given how unpopular female condoms are among Americans, it's not surprising that you only recently heard about it. For those who don't know, a female condom is a thin sheath that fits inside the vagina. There's a ring on the closed end that anchors it inside, and a wider ring on the open end that stays outside the vagina. The wider ring at the opening acts as a splash guard, and keeps the condom from slipping or getting packed into the vagina by a thrusting penis.

The second-generation design improves upon some things about the earlier female condom that people didn't like. The FC2 is made of nitrile rubber, instead of polyurethane. People complained that the polyurethane FC1 made squeaking sounds during sex. The company claims that the FC2 is much quieter, and that because nitrile rubber conducts body heat, it

feels more natural—less like fucking with a sandwich bag, perhaps?

Another improvement is that the FC2 costs about one-third less per condom than its predecessor, making it easier on the budgets of public-health agencies and nonprofits, which account for the majority of female-condom sales.

To retail consumers, the price difference might not be as meaningful. FC2 still costs about twice as much as regular lubricated Trojans. But judging by the colorful array of premium condom varieties on display at any drugstore, there must be plenty of consumers who wouldn't flinch at the price of the FC2—if they could find them, that is. Most major chain stores still don't carry them.

If Walgreens is reluctant to stock the new female condoms, I doubt you'll find them in bathroom vending machines any time soon. If you want to try it out, your best bet would be to ask at a local health clinic (where you'd likely get one for free) or shop online.

The Pet doctor: Technically the female condom is not new—it was originally introduced in 1993. The newer version of this trans-

parent sheath is made from synthetic rubber rather than polyurethane, making it cheaper to produce. Still, at 60 cents compared to less than 4 cents for male condoms, it's not really cost-effective.

But, like Martin says, it's also supposed to be less noisy than the original version. I haven't tried the new one, but I found the FC1 difficult to insert and rather awkward to use. Furthermore, the rubber ring hanging out of my pussy was not a pretty sight. Honestly, I don't see many advantages of the female over the male condom. A guy who has an issue with reduced sensitivity with a rubber will probably object to the use of the FC2 for the same reason. Perhaps women who are too shy to assert themselves verbally will benefit from it as a nonverbal demand for safe sex.

By the way, guys, there is an ugly version of the female condom called the Rape-aXe, designed by a doctor in South Africa—it has teeth to ward off would-be rapists. Once you get the Rape-aXe on your penis, only a doctor can get it off. I would stick to the tried-and-true male condom—just in case you have an angry prankster for a blind date.



■ HOT MESS

I hooked up with this girl who's into playing with candle wax. She says it's orgasmic and she really gets off on it. I agree it looks hot when I'm doing the pouring. She says I should let her try it on me, but I'm not quite there yet. Any suggestions that might make it as pain-free as possible?

The Downs side: Yeah, lidocaine, benzocaine—pretty much anything ending in -caine. But in this situation, you need to remember that you're not obligated to like everything she does. Right? If that's true when it comes to things like television (can you stand to be in the same room when she's watching *Grey's Anatomy*?), then it's doubly true when it comes to sexual preferences.

At the same time, when something really does it for you sexually, it can be hard to imagine how anyone else could not like it. This girl probably isn't a sadist; it's more likely that she wants to turn you on to the neat pleasure/pain experience she has playing with candle wax, and for you to share that with her.

Since I take it you haven't done anything of the sort before, I would suggest that you try the hot wax straight-up before resorting to a numbing agent. You might like it, after all. I can't promise that you won't get burned a little, but you won't be permanently disfigured. It will certainly be no worse than anything you might do to yourself by accident. I sometimes get burns from 400-degree cooking oil splashing on my forearms when I'm stir-frying, and they disappear after a week or so. A typical paraffin candle melts at less than 200 degrees.

If you find that hot wax does nothing for you but leave red splotches on your skin, don't play along just to please the girl. She should be happy to be with a guy who indulges her kink. You can be happy to do it for her.

The Pet doctor: I've got the perfect way for you to ease into playing with wax. Satin & Scented Bondage, from the Penthouse Toys Couples Collection, includes a vanilla-mint soy massage candle. Light the candle and let the wax melt and pool a bit, then your girlfriend can drip it on your back, arms, stomach, or legs—avoiding the face and genitals. She should drip the wax from at least two feet above your body, so the wax can cool a bit before hitting your skin. Then she can use it to knead and massage you. The included booklet, written by yours truly, details other bondage and candle-wax tips and suggestions. Even if you discover wax doesn't do it for you, you've earned the right to try out the accompanying restraints and blindfold on your girlfriend. Maybe you'll find a different kink that gets both of you off.

THE SEX-TOY EVOLUTION

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

The days when vibrators resembled plain old phalluses are long gone. Today they often look more glamorous, or more like celestial bodies than sexual objects—and they are truly objects of our desire! The Fine Feathered Friend, from the Penthouse Mode Collection, is a superpowerful waterproof vibe adorned with feathers and rhinestones. It looks like a magic wand a fairy godmother would use to turn Frigidarella into Climax Princess. It's

strong yet sensual, with a silky, smooth texture, multispeed vibrations, and a 5.5-inch shaft. You can tease her into a sexual frenzy with the vibe's feathers, then use the shaft to stimulate her clit, vagina, or anus (the top serves as the stopper needed for all anal-play toys).

It's no secret that women play with themselves in the bathtub. If you want to give her a self-pleasuring experience in a box, go for Bath Bliss by the Penthouse Secrets Collection. It turns bath time into a multisensory, masturbatory nirvana with a fancy scented candle, an inflatable bath pillow, a fizzing bath-salt bomb, and a multispeed, waterproof massager. Use the kit to get yourself some loving points in the bedroom, or hop in and share the water games with her. After she's through, she can store everything inside the deflated pillow.




■ STRANGE, BUT (NOT EXACTLY) TRUE!

Is it true that you can get cavities from deep kissing when saliva gets swapped?

The Downs side: Yes, if you're an infant, and you're kissing your mom. The bacteria that cause cavities can be passed from one person to another by

kissing. Magazines like *Cosmopolitan* and *Glamour* have run articles referring to this weird-but-true science—verified by “celebrity dentists” and other “experts”—but they all fail to mention that cavity-causing bacteria are usually passed from

mother to child. Almost everyone's mouth has been colonized by these bacteria by the time they're two years old. Simply having the bacteria doesn't mean your teeth will rot. Brush, floss, and see the dentist regularly, and you'll have one less thing to blame on your mother. 

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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[emma mae & adrienne]





the bodyshop



When Emma Mae took over her father's auto-repair business, she decided the perfect uniform would bring in customers—especially on a sexy female grease monkey. Before Adrienne can start work, though, she needs to prove she can do more than just get a motor running. For this pop quiz, Emma Mae will be the test subject.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



Adrienne checks her boss's head-lights first, thinking it will be easy to spark Emma Mae's ignition. But when she isn't as thorough as Emma Mae requires from her employees, the blonde demonstrates how to do the job right.







Next, it's time for Adrienne to show her appreciation for a well-formed chassis. Emma Mae once again shows off her own impressive skills, and is more than satisfied with her new employee's progress.



Since Emma Mae specializes in quick lube jobs, she insists on showing Adrienne her own technique for checking fluids. She's always willing to get down and dirty when it's called for, and Adrienne will need to do the same.







When Adrienne puts Emma Mae's lessons into action, she does everything her boss demonstrated and more, surprising Emma Mae with her natural talent, enthusiasm, thoroughness, and initiative. All that's left is to open for business.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
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SEE MORE OF EMMA MAE AND ADRIENNE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



GETTING AWAY WITH IT



We would never endorse philandering, but if you must cheat, well, private investigators and forensic accountants have much to teach you about how to do it the right way—that is, without getting caught.

By Brian O'Connor • Illustration by Joe Bluhm



At least David Harris knew what hit him. Eight years ago, while he and his mistress were exiting a Houston hotel after a midday rendezvous, his wife Clara suddenly materialized, wild-eyed and monkey-crazy, racing her silver 430 Mercedes-Benz in his direction. She rammed him and he flew like a crash-

test dummy 25 feet through the air. Then she steered her car at his motionless heap and floored the gas, the car thumping twice as the front and rear tires rolled over him. After wheeling the car around, she accelerated and drove over him a second time, then made another frenzied pass and sped once again over his lifeless lump of a body before finally coming to a stop.

Where did David Harris fail? Well, he should have bought his wife the Smart Car, not the Mercedes, but he also failed to understand that *any* man can engage in an extramarital affair, but it's a rare man who's capable of thinking with *both* heads and who can cheat undetected. But you can learn to fly beneath the radar of your wife or girlfriend and, ultimately, her lawyer. Follow this wisdom handed down from private investigators and forensic accountants.

First, the facts: Some relationship "experts" claim that extramarital affairs are motivated by wanderlust and fueled by risk. Others say that men are biologically driven by nature to spread their genes as widely as possible into future generations. All of these experts are wrong. Behind any affair, it's size that matters—the size of your bank account, that is. This is especially true if you're overweight and pushing 40. If you're also bald and prone to gout, expect your affair to exceed the cost of a two-year college education.

Once your affair begins, expenses will escalate quickly.

Parking-lot passion will graduate to the occasional dinner and flowers, to be followed by gifts of lingerie, perfume, or pearl-coated Ben Wa balls. A truly "hot" and extended affair may require renting an apartment with central air, giving her a Lexus, or adopting an African baby. Shelling out these greenbacks in larger sums and with greater frequency—aka the money hole—without your partner's knowledge is the Achilles' heel of most men.

There are ways to maneuver around and through this money hole, and the key to the kingdom is for you to gain financial anonymity. In other words, establish a bank account under a pseudonym. It's best that this account be set up in another county—if your wife does suspect you're finagling finances, it'll be expensive for her or her accountant to track out-of-county activity. The good news is that many states allow this, as if they *want* you to have an affair, because it's good for business. (Reno, Nevada, was founded on infidelity.) So file a "Fictitious Business Name Statement" with a county clerk or recorder—if you're Jack Sunshine, for example, your fictitious business name could be "J. J.'s Carpet Beating." The county clerk will then mail you a certificate that you can take to a bank to open a non-interest-bearing account—eliminating the possibility of your wife catching wind of a rubber check, and allowing you the freedom to merely check your rubber. Furthermore, since this account generates no income, the IRS won't come calling.


If your affair escalates to the sizzling-hot stage, and a hotel room no longer suits your epic bouts of howling lust, you're ready for the next stage: renting an apartment. Sign the lease as the president of your fictitious business, "Jack Sunshine, president and treasurer of J. J.'s Carpet Beating," and the landlord won't request your wife's signature. Then write a check from your corporate account, and now, unbeknownst to your wife, you can beat carpet any time of the day or night. Beware: If you get caught philandering, a skilled forensic accountant will uncover this scheme, so you might want to rent the property under a fictitious name.

There's no doubt that the clearest path to financial infallibility among philanderers belongs to those who own their own business, or at least those who generate self-employed income. In his book *Tax Havens Today*, Hoyt Barber offers an example of a self-employed contractor who performs a job for \$20,000 and asks the client to write the check directly to him. The contractor then cashes the check and gives \$10,000 to his mistress. She buys a car in her name, and the contractor takes the remaining \$10,000 and deposits it into his business account.

That's an extreme example, because if you're going to funnel cash to your mistress from your business, the payments must be consistent with the rest of your company expenses. If you're a \$50-lunch type of guy, for example, and you suddenly splurge on a \$2,000 trip for you and your mistress to fornicate at the Hoover Dam, that's a sign that you're thinking with the wrong head. Air horns will blast and accountants will send in the hounds. Instead, withdraw \$200 on a consistent basis, record the ATM charge in your corporate ledger as checks, and mark the charges as meals. Now you can buy those Ben Wa balls.

Still, these entries in your business ledger might arouse suspicion if your wife is intimately involved in your finances. Why not just put your mistress on payroll? That way, she's an employee who draws a check every week—a revolving nest egg with

Any man can cheat; it's the rare man capable of thinking with *both* heads who can cheat undetected.



which to fund your fling. Just make sure there's a job she can do. Call her the bookkeeper or office manager, and make her set up appointments, for instance.

Once your affair progresses from sizzling to, oh, let's say incendiary, you're ready to purchase a lair for your steamy liaisons. It's time to set up a trust. In legal-speak, a trust is created for the benefit of a third party, to protect and conserve your assets. But in extramarital-speak, we know it as a means of attracting, protecting, and conserving the very essence, the dividends, of assets—i.e., A-S-S.

And you don't need to own your own business to do this. You can set up a trust in a name other than your own and have the trust purchase the co-op, which would then give the property to your mistress. Your name would be absent from the title—the trust itself can hold title to the property. And if you set up a trust that produces zero income, it won't appear on your tax return (although you should be filing your taxes separately from your wife's anyway). To find hidden money when it's stored in a trust, a forensic accountant would need the nose of a basset hound and the budget of the New York Yankees.


Furthermore, you'd be wise to choose your accountant or lawyer to be party to the trust: He can then funnel money to the beneficiary—aka your mistress. And if you enlist your attorney, chances of detection are slim: Courts frown on violating attorney-client confidentiality.

And what if your wife does catch on to your carpet-beating business? If you've followed our financial advice, then most likely you tripped up by coming home after work smelling rosier than when you left, or perhaps eye contact with your wife had diminished—two key infidelity tip-offs, according to private investigator Thomas G. Martin, of Martin Inves-

tigative Services of Newport Beach, California.

When cornered, most men rely on the long-standing but largely ineffective "Deny Unto Death" strategy, but chances are, if your wife accuses you, she's detected a cluster of clues—if your name and her name are both on the cellphone bill, for example, she can retrieve past text messages. By the time your partner gets to the point of confronting you, as was the case with Clara and David Harris, she's probably already hired a private investigator—most likely during Valentine's Day or Super Bowl Sunday. Unfortunately, this means that incriminating video exists, probably of you inside an SUV with your trousers at your ankles and your face contorted most ungracefully.

Instead of denying, just explain to your wife, calmly, clinically, and preferably in full view of witnesses, that you were motivated by wanderlust, fueled by risk, and biologically driven by nature to spread your genes as widely as possible into future generations—and that at least you haven't "gone grizzly." When she asks what the hell you're talking about, inform her that grizzly bears' instinct to influence the future gene pool often leads dominant males to kill and eat the babies of competing males.

She might hand you a fork and bib and tell you to have a nice life eating your neighbors' babies, or, as often happens, she might smile as she reveals some news that's hard for you to swallow: She's opened her own rocket-polishing business. Indeed, in the past ten years, female infidelity has increased 50 percent. 

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THE BEST MEDICINE

CECE AND I WERE WORKING LATE AT THE PHARMACY, RESTOCKING THE SHELVES. BUT SINCE CECE AND I HAD STARTED HOOKING UP, LATE HOURS AT WORK WERENT THAT BAD.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE





THREE OR FOUR MINUTES
OF THAT WAS ENOUGH.



I SAT HER ON ONE OF THE SHELVES ...



... AND STARTED POUNDING INTO HER,
MAKING THE SHELVES RATTLE. I THRUST
SO HARD THAT CECE SLID BACKWARD,
KNOCKING OVER BOTTLES OF PILLS. IT
DIDN'T STOP ME—I KEPT FUCKING HER
UNTIL WE BOTH CAME.

WE'D BE THERE AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR CLEANING UP THE MESS, BUT SINCE CECE
WAS STILL NAKED AS SHE PICKED UP THE FALLEN BOTTLES, I DIDN'T MIND AT ALL.



THE END



video vixen

Say hello to Mason Moore, who shows off her ink and her pink in the Penthouse Variations DVD *Fetish Fucking*.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





With one look, you can see that this California native is not your run-of-the-mill porn star. The ink she sports makes it obvious that she takes the business seriously: “Who’s Next” across her knuckles and “Hit It Like a Champ” over her pussy.





But there's more to this curvy, pervy brunette than big tits and big tats. She's got a well-earned reputation in the adult-movie biz for over-the-top, balls-to-the-wall sex scenes—and for squirting when she comes.







In *Fetish Fucking*, Mason plays a horny bitch who gets off on having sex in jail. Once you see her sucking dick behind bars and getting her pussy pounded on a prison cot, you'll want to bust something out yourself. Anything less would be criminal.

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GIRLS OF PRAGUE



Penthouse Letters

This torrid travelogue into the world of Czech Republic doxies has a few more surprises than you might expect. Thin and pretty Lena Cova, a pale blonde with perfect champagne-glass tits, brings to mind the type of stripper you'd see in any number of gentlemen's clubs—and the way she works her partner's pole is as straightforward as you're likely to see in a sex film. Likewise the Amazonian Kitty Jane, whose attention to the head of her stud's dick looks mighty good indeed. Suzie Carina and

Michelle act out their lesbian love in the disc's one girl-girler, and fans of that genre would be well advised to give them a look (especially if face-sitting is your preference). Plain and simple, the women here look like the sex stars they are: women whose stock in trade is their ability to get you horny, and whose dramatic ambition is making you come all over yourself. They succeed wildly.

Above: Suzie Carina and Michelle
Right: Lena Cova and Leny Ewil






MAXIMUM CLIMAX Penthouse Features

This car-theft-ring caper flick really delivers with a trio of pedal-to-the-metal sex scenes. Men into the interracial genre will love the opener, with blonde Krissy Lynn balling the lean and ripped C. J. Wright. Curvy Krissy becomes a hip-grinding, ass-pumping dynamo when she calls the shots, and she takes his fat cock with a subtle but sexy submissiveness when the tables are turned. The chameleonic Brooke Banner—sporting blonde hair this time around—lays claim to the best scene. The stuffing she takes from Alan Stafford, with her face on the sheets and her ass in the air, gives this disc (and this critic) its definite high point. The MILF-y India Summer, one of adult film's most consistent players, uses her body to erotic perfection. Her mouth is a powerful instrument when she goes down on Rocco Reed, and she knows how to make her sinewy legs give even the most pedestrian positions new life.

Above left: Krissy Lynn and C. J. Wright
Above right: Kiara Diane and Justin Magnum



BANGIN' IN THE WOODS Penthouse Forum

The best thing about this DVD is not the wealth of Daisy Duke shorts and skimpy gingham shirts (although they certainly help raise its overall kink factor), but the totally slutty look of its female cast members. Take Briana Blair, who combines an (almost) innocent cuteness and a (completely) slatternly fuckability with a truly great rack. Her scene with Evan Stone is short on the hard-core, but once Briana has her knees in the dirt—and Evan's dick in her mouth—it takes on a wham-bam intensity that threatens to steal the show. Excellent camera work during the reverse-cowgirl that dominates Natalia James's coupling with Xander Corvus makes for mighty fine wankin', and when the action switches to enthusiastic doggie pounding, you'll be more than ready to blow your stack. Bridgette B. and Kelly Devine contribute a rocking threesome with Dane Cross, and cover girl Kiara Diane ends the disc in a smoker with Justin Magnum. Yeehaw! 

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Rumor Has It

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXVI: Sultry Passions, Sinful Desires, published by Grand Central Publishing.

I first met Janice at work. She had the finest ass I'd seen in a long time, and the most beautiful face in the plant. The first time I had a chance to talk to her she was trying to get something off a high shelf, but she couldn't reach it. I walked up behind her and asked her if she needed any help. She just looked at me and smiled, so I got down the things she needed. A week later we began to talk on break, and at lunch we would sit in my car and have a smoke. Two more weeks went by before a friend of mine asked me if

Janice's pussy was any good.

"How should I know?" I retorted. "I'm not fucking her."

"From what I hear, you are," he said.

At lunchtime I asked Janice about the rumors going around about us. She told me that she'd heard the same thing.

"Well," I asked, "are we having fun fucking?"

Janice told me that we would have to try it and see. The next day at lunch we got into my car and drove to a nice spot away from work. When we parked, Janice leaned over and started kissing me. The next thing I knew she was unzipping my pants. Once she had my dick out, she leaned over and wrapped her lips around the head, then started sucking it. I told her, "Man, I haven't felt anything that good in a long time, baby."

Janice sure could give good head. She'd suck me all the way in, then slowly let the shaft slide out until just the head was between her lips. Then she'd tongue the underside of my shaft. As time went by, she sucked me deep inside her mouth and started to hum. The vibration was too much for me to hold back any longer and I let loose. She sucked until there wasn't a drop of come left in my balls. Afterward, she asked if she was any good at sucking dick.

"You're the best, baby!" That was the first time, but I knew it wouldn't be the last.

The second time we got together was at work, inside the plant. There was a place only Janice and I knew about. We rendezvoused there on her birthday. I told her I had a big birthday present for her. She kissed me and reached for my dick, saying that it was all she wanted. Then she dropped to her knees and unbuckled my pants.

My cock was good and hard when I pulled her up to her feet and unzipped her pants. I turned her around, bent her over, and pressed my dick against her dripping pussy. I slid up and down her pussy lips three or four times, till Janice pushed back against me as hard as she could, forcing about half of my cock inside her. She looked back at me and said, "I want all of you inside me, and I want it now, baby."

Well, I couldn't let her do without, so I pushed into her. Her pussy was really wet and my dick slid in and out easily. After about

15 minutes, when I was about to shoot my come, she pulled my dick out, turned around, dropped to her knees, and sucked me off until my balls went dry. After we got dressed, we kissed and she told me that she didn't want me to come in her pussy. "I just love the taste of come in my mouth," she said.

The next time we got together was Christmas. Everybody at the plant had been invited to the office Christmas party. Janice and I left after a few drinks for a more private celebration. I had an old van with a bed in the back that was just right for fucking, sucking, and eating pussy.

We parked and blew a joint first to get in the right mood. I unbuttoned her top, unsnapped her bra, and played with her tits. Then I took off her jeans and positioned her on the mattress so I could lick her pussy.

I started slowly, licking the lips with the tip of my tongue. Janice put her hands behind my head and tried to force my tongue deeper inside her pussy. She was getting so wet that her love juice started to run down the crack of her ass. I didn't want any of her juices to go to waste so I just licked it off her asshole. That really turned her on. I could hardly hold her ass still.

Janice started talking dirty to me, saying things like, "Oh, baby, eat my asshole, baby. Lick it. Now rub your cockhead up and down my pussy lips, baby. Please fuck me now. Please, baby." I pushed my cock in inch-by-inch, but she put her legs around me, pulling me in until she had every bit of my eight inches inside her and I could feel my balls resting against the cheeks of her pretty little ass. We were fucking so hard that my dick slipped out of her pussy and hit her asshole with full force. To my surprise it slid right in, balls-deep. Then she really went wild.

It didn't take long at all for me to come. I couldn't believe that

We were fucking so hard that my dick slipped out of her pussy and hit her asshole. To my surprise, it slid in balls-deep. She went wild.





we were parked in front of someone's house, buck naked in broad daylight, ass-fucking inside my van.

The last time Janice and I got together was at a park. We sure had one hell of a nice time that night. We went for a walk and smoked a joint or two, then headed back to the van to do some good old-fashioned fucking and sucking.

I stripped off her clothes and turned her around in a sixty-nine with her on top. I didn't have to worry about losing a single drop of her sweet pussy juice because it was running like water into my mouth. It tasted so good I didn't want to stop eating, but she turned herself around. I teased her pussy with the head of my dick, sliding it up and down her lips until she was begging me to fuck her. She tried to pull my cock in by wrapping her legs around me, but I kept my back as stiff as I could to stop her from pulling me all the way in. At the same time, I was sucking on her tits,



making her hotter and hotter.

Janice was like a fucking machine, bucking her hips until I could feel my balls bouncing off her ass. When I shot my load she began to shake all over. After we finished the first round, we got dressed, talked, and had another smoke. However, it quickly became obvious that talking was the last thing on Janice's mind. She told me she wanted to taste my come this time. She sucked and licked my dick for what seemed like half an hour before I felt ready to shoot my load again. She got her wish—and then some. My dick gets hard every time I think about it.

A few weeks later I was offered a job in Detroit that was too good to pass up. I tried to talk Janice into moving to Detroit with me, but she wasn't interested. Too bad—I would have been very happy living with her and getting my dick sucked anytime I wanted.—J.G., Michigan

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■ LET'S MAKE A DEAL

When I needed to take out a loan to make the down payment on my dream apartment, I was frustrated by the entire experience. I'd just gotten a raise at work, and I'd be able to pay the loan back in a few months, but because my previous year's income hadn't been high enough, I still was having trouble.

After several meetings with various bank employees without any success, I finally set up a meeting with the chief loan officer. I knew it was a man, and I was determined to get my loan. On the day of our appointment, I dressed as provocatively as I could while still appearing somewhat professional. I wore a tight, knee-length skirt with a long slit up the back that hugged my curves, and offered a great view of my legs from behind. I topped it with a practically transparent white blouse that was tight around my breasts, and I left more than a few buttons open, so you could easily see my lacy bra when you checked out my cleavage. I even wore a garter belt and seamed silk stockings—but no panties, just in case.

The man's secretary was a dowdy older woman, and I happily expected him to be equally frumpy. Surely that meant he would be easier to sway. When he came out and introduced himself, though, he wasn't what I expected at all. Richard—"Mr. Quinn is my father," he insisted—was around 40, but he was a fox! He had a distinctly Mediterranean look, with olive skin and deep eyes, only the few strands of gray in his otherwise jet-black hair giving away his age. I figured I'd still be able to seduce him, but now I was sure to enjoy it as much as he did.

He ushered me into his office, and I made sure my hips swayed enticingly as I walked through the door ahead of him. His surprised cough told me I was on the right track. Richard made a show of looking over my paperwork and discussing the issues with me, all while trying—and failing—to keep his eyes off my cleavage. When I crossed my legs, first to one side, then the other, acting as if I couldn't get comfortable, I was sure he'd lose his focus. But he was the consummate professional, and aside from a few stutters and stumbles, he kept up the spiel about why I was having trouble getting the loan. When I argued my point, he put up a front, pretending I was wrong. He was onto my game, and he clearly wanted to be "convinced" to give me the loan. I was



more than happy to play along.

I leaned over the desk, pointing to unimportant numbers on the pages laid out in front of him, just to put myself on display. He pretended it didn't make sense and asked me to come around to his side of the desk to try to explain my point better. I rounded the desk and bent over the desk again, this time with my ass practically in his face. A few shimmies as I pretended to explain things was all it took. I felt his hand on my ass, and when I turned to look him in the eye, he didn't even give me a chance to get out a faux reprimand before he leaned in to kiss me.

Things happened quickly after that. His pants were opened and my skirt was stripped off, then his shirt

and jacket came undone and mine was tossed aside. He pulled me into his lap, and my stocking-clad legs slid through the open arms of his chair as I settled into place, my hot center directly over his already rock-hard and sheathed cock. I sank onto his dick with a sigh, and watched him throw his head back and groan as my warm pussy swallowed him whole.

Once I started riding him, I couldn't stop. The confinements of the chair didn't allow for much movement, but the short, shallow strokes were enough to excite both of us, and we started moving faster against each other. My lace bra rubbing against his chest added to our arousal, as did his bunched-up trousers creating friction against my ass. His cockhead was buried deep inside my pussy, hitting the farthest reaches of my cunt, and we were both so turned on—by the fucking, the fact that we were strangers, and the risk of getting caught—that it took no more than ten minutes before he was coming inside me. It took a few more thrusts and then I came, too.

My lace bra rubbed against his chest, and his pants created friction against my ass, adding to our arousal.

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After we'd both calmed down, and before I climbed off his lap, I asked about my loan one more time. "Oh, yeah, it's yours," he said, once again in business mode. "Everything looks fine, so I just need to process the papers and you should be set in a couple of weeks."

I smiled as I climbed off him and started pulling on my clothes. When he looked pressed and polished and I was clothed once more, we went over the finer details of the loan, signed some papers, and closed the deal. As he walked me out and shook my hand, he said, "Pleasure doing business with you," and I knew he meant it.—D.V., Missouri

■ FILE UNDER "XXX"

My internship last summer was probably the coolest anyone in the pre-law program was able to get. The experience was great, and I learned a lot, but the best part was working with Aimee, the firm's other intern. She was smokin' hot! The associates often made us work together so we would both get the same training, and I definitely didn't mind spending so much time with her.

A few weeks into the internship, Aimee and I were in the file room in the basement looking for old documents related to a new case. The client we were representing had been using the firm for about 40 years, so there were dozens of files to go through. We were going to be down there for hours. As we worked, we bullshitted about things going on outside the office, and Aimee mentioned that she hadn't had a date in at least two months, and hadn't gotten laid in about six. It surprised me because, one, we didn't know each other that well, and two, how could a girl that fine not be getting any action?

"I think it's a pre-law thing," she said, jolting me out of my thoughts. "I'm just too busy with classes and studying and everything. Do you have the same problem? Or is it just me?"

I couldn't tell her she was the only one not getting any, so I lied and said I hadn't fucked anyone in at least three months. "We should do something about that," she said. Figuring she meant we should hit a bar after work to be each other's wingman or something, I said sure and asked her when.

"How about right now?" she replied coyly. *What?*

I blinked dumbly a half-dozen times, and when I focused on her



again, she was unbuttoning her shirt. "Go lock the door," she ordered. "And then get undressed. We have to be quick."

There was no way in hell I was going to question this any longer, so I hurried over to lock the door. She was stripped down to her bra and thong before I was down to my boxers. She didn't say anything, just walked up and kissed me.

We made out for a few minutes before I took control, pushing Aimee against one of the filing cabinets and moving my hands down her body, taking off her bra and panties as I went. When she was completely naked, she helped me push down my boxers, and then I lifted her up and had her wrap her legs around me. With her back against the filing cabinet, I didn't have to work as much to support her, and I was able to jerk my cock a few times to get it harder before fucking her.

A minute later, I was pushing into

her. I thrust in slowly and stopped for a few seconds, waiting to make sure she wasn't going to change her mind. When she didn't—and begged me to keep going—I started to pump in and out forcefully. When I picked up speed, Aimee humped against me, using the cabinet and my shoulders to help her thrust. She was getting wetter by the second, and I could hear my cock thrusting wetly into her cunt. It only made me want to fuck her harder, and I pushed her against the filing cabinet and jackhammered in and out of her.

When my dick started to pulse inside her, I knew I didn't have much time left. I fucked her with all I had, dropping my hands to her behind to better support her—and to ease a finger into her ass. Soon Aimee was coming, her pussy massaging my cock until I spurted deep inside her.

When both of us were finished coming, I lowered Aimee until her feet hit the floor, kissed her one more time, and then went to get dressed while she did the same. We still had a lot of work ahead of us. And of course we had the rest of the summer. From that day on, Aimee and I hooked up whenever the opportunity presented itself, usually at the office or right after work. Like I said, it was the best internship ever!—J.M., Massachusetts

She was getting wetter by the second, and I could hear my cock thrusting wetly into her cunt.

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■ DINNER BREAK

The hours until my break were dragging by. I was working security at an office building at night, and my girlfriend was bringing me dinner at work. I'd barely seen her since she'd come back from a two-week trip home for her brother's graduation. When she called from the parking lot, I went to meet her in the lobby and signed her in with my coworker, then walked her back toward the break room so we could eat.

Once we were down the hall and out of sight of the security desk, she stopped me and rubbed herself against the front of my body, then backed me up against the wall, sliding her tongue into my mouth. I put my arms around her and let my hands slide down to rest on her ass as she gyrated against the sudden hardness in my pants. She pulled at my shirt, trying to free it from my pants, but I stopped her, saying, "Not here. There's cameras. Dave can see us."

She laughed and said, "Really? That's kinky."

"Very funny. You're not the one who'll get fired.... Wait, come in here." I pulled her into the janitor's closet across the hall. I reached for her and pulled up her shirt, yanking it off over her head, as she unzipped her shorts and let them slide down her legs. I realized she'd planned this encounter when I saw that she wasn't wearing a bra or panties.

I grabbed her legs and picked her up, moving her to the edge of the sink. She wrapped her legs around my waist and ground her pelvis against my erection as I sucked on one nipple and pulled and tweaked the other. Her excited moans made my cock even harder. I moved my mouth down her stomach till I could see her juices glistening on her pussy lips, then knelt between her legs. I found her clit and licked, sucked, and nibbled on it till she squirmed and cried out as she came.

When I stood, she reached for my pants and had them off in record time. She took my shaft in her hand and stroked it, rubbing the head along her slit, moaning as she pleased herself with my dick. I watched her as she wrapped her other hand around the base of my cock and slowly pumped it. Then she eased my cock into her pussy and wrapped her legs around my waist.

I thrust my full length into her and buried my face in her hair as she arched her back and wrapped



her arms around my neck, sucking my earlobe and neck. I picked up my rhythm and thrust harder as she milked my cock with her cunt. It wasn't long before I came, shooting into her pussy with abandon.

As soon as my dick stopped pulsating, she pushed me back, slid off the sink, and started getting dressed. "You'd better eat dinner and get back to work."

We made it to the break room and ate quickly, then I walked her out to her car. After she left, I went to the security desk and checked the monitors, then got ready to make the rounds for that hour, trying not to look at Dave—until he started laughing and said, "So, does your hot girlfriend who likes semi-public sex have a sister?" —*P.S., Kentucky*

I found her clit and licked, sucked, and nibbled on it till she squirmed and cried out as she came.

■ THE NEWCOMER

When my best friend Courtney dragged me to another one of her burlesque performances, I figured I'd help set up, have a few drinks, and enjoy the night as much as possible. Maybe I'd even come across a cute guy worth taking home at the end of the night. What I didn't count on was Stephanie.

I was at the door collecting the cover and checking IDs when Stephanie walked in. She was a bit taller than I am, had dark hair and eyes, and had an exotic quality to her. In other words, she was gorgeous. I took her money and stamped her hand, but she didn't walk away like everyone else. She stood right where she was and started asking me questions about the performance.

"I've never been to anything like this before," she said. "What's it like?"

I answered her as best I could, and then she headed to the bar to get a drink and have a look around. A few minutes later, when I was freed from door duty, I went to the bar for my own drink, and Stephanie soon joined me. We started talking right away,

and the more we chatted, the more I became attracted to her. I'd been attracted to women before, but never so much. There was something about her, and I started wondering if she felt the same way about me.

By the time the show started, the place was packed, and Stephanie and I were squished together in the crowd. Even when we were given some space to move, though, we didn't. In fact, when I took a step forward, wanting to give my new friend some space, she moved right along with me, immediately pressing the front of her body against my back. *Hmm*, I thought, *maybe she's interested after all*.

When intermission rolled around, Stephanie said she was going outside for a smoke and asked if I wanted to join her. I don't smoke, but I said I'd go to get some fresh air. Outside, we touched each other as we talked, and when she started describing her favorite part of the show so far, I felt my pussy tingle with desire. I couldn't wait any longer, so I leaned in to kiss her.

She responded right away, dropping her cigarette to wrap her arms around me. She pulled me closer and deepened our kiss, her tongue pushing its way between my lips almost immediately. It was intense,

and I wanted more. The show was forgotten as I grabbed Stephanie's hand and signaled for a cab. We continued making out in the car as it took us to my apartment uptown, and as soon as we were behind closed doors, things really heated up.

It didn't take long for us to strip naked, both of us peeling our clothes off almost as soon as we crossed the threshold. Stephanie's body was incredible, her legs long and muscular, her curves delightfully soft and feminine, and her breasts slightly smaller and perkier than mine. I didn't want to take my eyes off her, but when she pulled me onto the bed and started kissing me again, I had no choice—not that I really minded.

Our hands wandered all over each other's body while we made out on the bed, and Stephanie's fingers were dancing over my waiting pussy. She didn't waste any time, and in seconds she had three fingers buried deep inside me. She thrust her fingers hard,

Her body was incredible, her legs long and muscular, her curves soft and feminine, her breasts perky.



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fucking me roughly, and I arched my back to get those probing digits to go deeper. Stephanie wouldn't let me control the action, though, so I had to find something else to do. I inched my body down a bit and leaned into her, taking one delicious nipple into my mouth at a time. I sucked and nibbled and lapped at her tits, and though she moaned in pleasure, she could not be distracted from her own tantalizing actions. She was good!

With her fingers still thrusting wildly in and out of my pussy, Stephanie pulled away from me and slithered down my body until she was eye-level with my cunt. She gave me a look of desire, her eyes burning into mine, then dove into me. Her tongue and lips joined her fingers, and soon I was wriggling madly beneath her. The pleasure she was giving me was so intense that I came in no time. But Stephanie didn't stop. She kept at it, licking, sucking, biting, rubbing, until I came again—and again.

Even after three orgasms, though, she wouldn't let up. She moved up my body and started kissing me again while humping me. She rubbed my hot clit with her thigh while she fucked herself against my leg. The friction was unbelievable, and though it was nothing like fucking a guy, it was equally arousing. When I came a fourth time, Stephanie came with me, her juices making my thigh slick.

We spent the rest of the night—and much of the next day—in my bed, getting better acquainted. When Courtney called the next night, wondering what I'd thought of her performance since she hadn't been able to find me afterward, I told her it was the best show yet—almost entirely because of Stephanie!—A.R., *New York*

■ DOWN AND DIRTY

When I broke up with my live-in girlfriend, not only did my sex life go down the tubes, but my apartment started to get really messy. I'd never claimed to be a neat freak, but I'd always thought I was at least somewhat organized. I was wrong. Apparently my girlfriend had been doing a lot more around the apartment than I'd realized. Since I didn't want to pick up the slack, I figured I'd spend some cash on a cleaning lady. I found a flyer in the lobby advertising weekly housekeeping services for a pretty reasonable rate, so I made an appointment with Suzanne for the



following Wednesday.

She was a few minutes early, and I buzzed her in and stood by the door to wait for her. I was expecting a stout, middle-aged woman, like the cleaning woman my parents had hired when I was younger. But the woman who knocked on my door was maybe 21 years old, tall, with big tits and purple hair. She had piercings and tattoos, and looked more like someone who'd want to trash my place than clean it. I usually work from home, though, so I figured it was worth giving her a shot.

Suzanne went through the apartment with me, going over what I wanted her to do while she was there, then told me to go back to whatever I was doing and let her work. I was hesitant, but I went back to my home office and left her alone. About four hours later, Suzanne knocked on the door to tell me she was finished. We went through the apartment again, this time to check her work, and I have to admit, she'd done a good job. The

I moved my hand from her ass to one of her huge tits and massaged it, pulling and pinching the nipple.

place was spotless, my laundry was done, and the inside of my fridge no longer smelled like ass. The apartment seemed livable again. I forked over her fee, plus a nice tip, and told her to come back next week.

Suzanne came by every week to clean, and I started paying more attention to her. We'd talk sometimes, but mostly I'd just check her out while she was working. She must have noticed, because she started wearing tighter pants and shorter skirts, and she'd spend a lot of time cleaning whatever room I was in, bending over and showing off her body while she worked. It had been difficult to ignore the purple-haired, big-titted girl before, but now it was impossible. After paying her, I'd go to the spotless bathroom and jerk off, thinking about her the whole time. I wanted her badly, and finally made up my mind to have her.

The next time Suzanne came by, I made my move. I was watching TV when she came in to clean, and she made sure to stand right in front of the screen, blocking my view—and giving me a better one. She wiggled her ass and bent over every time she "dropped" something, and I got hard pretty fast. I wanted to ravish her. When she came over to wipe down the coffee table, she was within arm's

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reach, and I grabbed her, pulling her into my lap. Suzanne squealed as she fell against me, and the second she crashed into my chest, she spun around and kissed me. Apparently she had about as much self-control as I did.

We stripped each other quickly and threw our clothes across the room, not caring where they landed or what they knocked over on the way to the floor. I couldn't keep my hands off Suzanne, and I shoved two fingers into her pussy. She was wet, practically dripping, and she swallowed up my fingers like they were nothing. I fucked her little twat with my fingers, making sure to stroke her clit every few seconds, and she went wild. She was still sitting on my lap, and she started rubbing her tits against me and squeezing her thighs around me. I moved my other hand from her ass to one of her huge tits and massaged it, pulling and pinching the nipple. I ducked my head and sucked it into my mouth, laving the pert little nub with my tongue.

By that point my dick was painfully

hard, and I had to fuck Suzanne. I pulled my fingers out of her cunt and replaced them with my cock. She sank all the way down instantly, enveloping my shaft with her warm, wet lips. Then she started to ride me. She bounced up and down in my lap, bottoming out on my cock with every downstroke. She took me balls-deep every time, and her tit fell from my mouth when I moaned, unable to keep the feelings of pleasure to myself. Suzanne was a wild lay, and she humped me furiously as she tried to get herself off.

Several minutes later, I felt my balls tightening. I was going to come. I grabbed Suzanne by the hips and drove my cock in even deeper, fucking her so hard that her tits jiggled against my chest and her hair slipped out of its tie. When I came, Suzanne gasped and came with me, and I felt her cunt spasm around my shaft as she climaxed.

Afterward, Suzanne went right back to work, and I got dressed and did some work of my own, emerging from my office only to pay Suzanne and walk her out. The scene repeated itself several more times before we decided to see each other regularly. Now she comes by on Mondays and Thursdays, too, just so we can fuck. It's the perfect arrangement. I'm getting laid regularly and I have a clean apartment. I would've settled for either one of those, but having both is a pretty sweet deal.—J.M., Georgia

She bounced up and down in my lap, bottoming out on my cock with every downstroke.

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Mad About Megan

A tribute to the lovely Jessica Paré, who caught the nation's fancy last year with her sultry turns in *Mad Men* and *Hot Tub Time Machine*.



If you're one of the people who's missed the critically acclaimed AMC show *Mad Men*, spoiler ahead: How much did the writers stack the deck in that season-four finale? Don Draper finds himself without a babysitter on the eve of a weekend trip to California with his kids. He casts around for a replacement, without success—until his gaze settles on Jessica Paré, who plays Megan, his blazing-hot, big-breasted secretary, a periphery character (though one Draper had slept with once). *Hmm*. When he persuaded her to join him, longtime viewers of the show took Draper's notorious impulsiveness, added Paré's exquisite appeal, and figured out that some seismic shift in the plot lay ahead.

In the real world, secretaries don't generally look like Paré, a statuesque brunette with blue-gray eyes and luscious lips. She comes from the Anne Hathaway-Liv Tyler-Jessica Biel wing of the All-Time International Beauty Hall of Fame that most guys have constructed, in minute detail, in their heads (inaugural class: Helen of Troy, Cleopatra). Paré, a Montreal native, made her cinematic debut in 2000's *Stardom*. Starting with that Canadian indie, she's shown a refreshing willingness to appear topless and/or entirely nude in front of the camera. In 2001's *Lost and Delirious*, she and Piper Perabo gave Denise Richards and Neve Campbell from *Wild Things* a run for their money with a series of steamy sapphic scenes, several of them unclothed. Then there's last year's underrated comedy *Hot Tub Time Machine*, in which Paré turns up, topless and soaking wet, in a hot tub opposite Craig Robinson, who, hilariously, is weeping and unable to perform. The idea that Robinson, faced with the glorious sight of Paré's undraped torso, would be unable to snap out of his funk stretches belief as much as the time-traveling premise of the film itself.

Paré's allure is so magnetic that we're prepared to bestow a special category of beauty upon her, one we've held in reserve for years. Allow us to explain. We once witnessed a buddy crack the windshield of his car in sheer exultation at a winsome girl passing by. True story. "Goddamn, she's hot!" he said, and punctuated the outburst by slamming the heel of his hand into the windshield in front of him—as one does. When he withdrew his fist, there was a single spidery line running the length of the glass. He actually looked at us and said, "Was that there before?"

Sure, he was an idiot, but in that instant, he birthed a new term for women of a top-shelf, special-reserve caliber: windshield-cracking hot. Ms. Paré most definitely qualifies. In fact, she is bulletproof-windshield-cracking hot. Put us in a governmental vehicle, send her gliding by, and we'll be happy to test the notion.

But back to that *Mad Men* finale, after which internet searches for Paré spiked by 588 percent: Once Draper's gobsmackingly gorgeous secretary—who speaks French and is great with kids—agrees to go on the trip with him, was there really any doubt what would happen? On their second night in California, Draper comes back to the hotel to find the radiant Megan in his room, his kids gathered around her, sparkingly cleaned and groomed, singing a French folk song. Game over.

Within hours, he and Megan are between the sheets, and before the trip is over, he proposes. Bombshell? Hardly. We'd have been more shocked if he'd emerged from the weekend still single.

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